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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor — HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

WILLIAM MacDONALD, ARTHUR WARNER, Associate Editors — FREDA KIRCHWEY, MABEL H. B. MUSSEY

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THE extraordinary melodrama which the world has been witnessing in Fiume during the past few months seems to have taken a turn toward farce. D'Annunzio, whose performances have been from the first a curious mixture of the serious and the ridiculous, now proposes, apparently, to brush aside the results of two plébiscites—the first of which he attempted to cancel and the second of which he suspended—and announces his intention to remain at Fiume. In view of the fact that the plébiscites were overwhelmingly in favor of accepting the proposition of the Italian Government to replace the d'Annunzio forces with regular Italian soldiers, pending a solution of the Fiume problem, the conclusion seems inevitable that d'Annunzio has been inspired quite as much by love of the spotlight as by love of Italy. His followers, either because they disapprove of his refusal to accept the offer of the Italian Government, or because they fear that his star is on the wane, are reported to be deserting him, among them Major Guiriati, chief of the d'Annunzio Cabinet; while the Italian press is censuring him severely. His dispute with the deputy from Fiume, Signor Zanelli, from whom it is said he attempted to exact unconditional obedience, has hurt his prestige in Fiume and in Italy, and his militarist régime has proved wearisome to the people of the city. The Socialists in the Italian Chamber are pointing to the fact that desertions to the d'Annunzio forces have been countenanced by the Government, and they are threatening to use this as a precedent for urging like desertions to the cause of the Socialist revolution. In the face of such an unprecedented situation the continued silence of the Powers suggests that they are either afraid of the question, or else are hampered in dealing with it by some such agreement as the Franco-Italian secret treaty whose existence has just been disclosed. It is possible, too, that France and Great Britain hesitate to risk the displeasure of Mr. Wilson or of the Italian Government; it may be that, frankly, they have no solution to offer. It is to be hoped that the visit of Signor Nitti to Paris will result in a satisfactory settlement. The world needs a guarantee of immunity not only from civil strife, but also from further d'Annunzio proclamations.

RUMORS of impending peace with Russia have multiplied with the continued military success of the Bolsheviki; Italy, under constant pressure from the Socialists, in Parliament and out, has for some time been suspected of permitting Bolshevist diplomatic advances; now a wireless dispatch from Moscow announces that the Soviet Government has made a formal peace offer to Italy alone, holding out alluring possibilities of commercial penetration through the Black Sea. Japan, presumably, remains intent on preventing the establishment of Bolshevist control in eastern Siberia; but no other Power can afford so intransigent an attitude. Great Britain needs peace now. The British Empire and the great and growing spheres of British influence in the East are alive with an unrest that is uncomfortably akin to Bolshevism. Some of those territories are now almost within the range of the Soviet armies. Recent reports from Afghanistan reveal not only the deep hostility of the Afghans toward the British, but actual friendly advances on the part of the Afghans to the Soviet Government. Negotiations have admittedly been carried on between the Bolsheviki and the Young Turks. As Karl Radek said in an interview recently published in the New York *Globe*, "we will form an alliance with the devil himself if necessary, to fight the Entente, if it will not give us peace." In the south, by way of Caucasia, Bolshevist troops and Bolshevist propaganda menace the security of Kurdistan and Mesopotamia; in the southeast, by way of Turkestan, they menace Afghanistan and India, Persia and Baluchistan. The calculated arrogance of Karl Radek's threat that if the war continued the Bolsheviki would "set the Near and Far East on fire" is not, alas! empty bluster. Under present conditions a spark would set the East on fire, and the Bolsheviki know well how to apply the torch to the tinder. In spite of their position of strategic superiority, however, hunger and the desperation of the Russian people have forced the Bolsheviki to offer generous terms for a quick peace with the Allies. Those terms include a cessation of revolutionary propaganda in other countries, and recognition and payment of the former Czar's debts. If British statesmen are wise, they will secure the acquiescence of France in an agreement with the Soviet Government which will guarantee the security of their possessions in the East against a continuance of Bolshevist agitation and attack.

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THE sentencing of Robert Roeckling, described as a German steel magnate, to ten years of imprisonment, fifteen years of exile, and a fine of ten million francs for the pillaging of French factories and the destruction of the machinery taken from them seems a well merited punishment if, as is stated, he did these acts on his own initiative without official orders. No one will object to such punishments where it is clearly shown that they are imposed for offenses contrary to the accepted laws of war committed by lawless individuals; least of all, we think, in Germany, where the Spartacists and Independent Socialists are aching to get their hands on a large number of offenders, including the Kaiser, Hindenburg, and others. But it would be a great mistake indeed if the Allies should punish individuals for misdeeds committed by order in the regular course of war. For these only governments can be called to account, and for hers Germany is already paying through the treaty. Moreover, as the facts become known in Germany there are also appearing healthy signs of an awakened conscience and a readiness to cry *mea culpa* where the facts are undeniable. Thus, the Berlin Medical Society, in reply to the French boycott of all German scientists because of the wrongs done to the women and girls of Lille until they are disavowed, by a unanimous vote has sent word to France that it will not excuse or pardon such wrongdoing wherever or by whom committed. From Prof. F. W. Foerster, who from the beginning opposed the war and finally had to retire to Switzerland, we have received a pamphlet upon the German conduct of the war in which he reprints the facts from French and neutral sources about the Lille outrages, and particularly commends their study to all women's clubs and societies in Germany. A more complete and convincing indictment of the moral leadership of the German army we have not seen anywhere. That so outspoken a pamphlet attacking the whole German war attitude can now find free circulation there is one of the best omens of the morally sanitated and spiritually purged Germany for which the French scientists are asking when they demand disavowal of the Lille outrages as a condition precedent to a renewal of relations with their German colleagues.

THE general Parliamentary election in Australia has resulted in the return to the House of Representatives of 38 Nationalists (a war-time coalition of conservatives and of members who were expelled from the Labor party for advocating conscription), 10 Farmers (a new agrarian party mainly composed of former Nationalists), and 27 Labor party members. In the last Parliament the Nationalists held 52 seats and the Labor party 23. The party division in the Senate has not been reported in press dispatches, but a Labor majority in that body is impossible, since only half of the Senate seats were to be filled and the continuing half were all held by Nationalists. The most that the Labor party expected was to add somewhat to the one-third of the seats which it already held. An analysis of the popular vote will probably show a greater gain for Labor than the number of seats indicates, because of the disproportionate size of the electoral subdivisions. Concurrently with the election of members of Parliament the people were asked, for the third time in nine years, to increase the powers of Parliament over monopolies; and such increase was refused. The inference that Australia is less concerned than formerly with the improvement of working-class conditions and the launching of new social experiments appears to be justified only in part. Mr. Hughes, for example, at a time when the cost of living had quite outdistanced income, was leading a coalition of commercial representatives and former adherents of the Labor party, and offering to circumvent the profiteer if only the people would surrender to the Federal Government powers which the States were using. The growth of radical Socialist opinion among the masses, as shown in the recent successful opposition of coal miners and seamen to the system of arbitration courts advocated by the Labor party as well as to the coal and shipping companies, worked to the disadvantage of Labor. Hence the anomalous position of Mr. Hughes, who comes through the election safe in his own seat and in the leadership of the commercial-employer party, but with two-thirds of his own ex-Labor following defeated.

ALMOST simultaneously with the arrival here from England of Sir George Paish on a financial mission, an article in the Hearst press announced that Earl Grey, the British Ambassador, was going home with the promise of a loan of $13,000,000,000. This was an absurd piece of anti-British propaganda, since Congressional action would of course be necessary to obtain such a loan; and the report was not only promptly denied by Secretary Lansing, but a statement was issued on behalf of the British Treasury denying that Sir George Paish represented it, and stating that the Treasury did not approve of a policy by which it would borrow money here for the purpose of lending in Europe. Sir George does not appear to have made any statements which called for such a disclaimer, and he has since announced that he is here not to negotiate a loan but to get funds for emergency relief in Europe. All this serves to show the need of some comprehensive treatment of the European financial situation. The United State loaned to the Allies during the war $10,000,000,000 for purely destructive purposes, but it did so, as it professed and as most people undoubtedly believed, in order that the destruction inseparable from war should be followed by restoration on a better basis. It is now evident that little of such restoration can take place unless Europe can get food and raw materials, and this seems impossible without some remedy in the shape of loans or credits for the present depreciated and fluctuating exchange. Congress ought at once to provide a substantial sum to be allotted, as *The Nation* has already suggested, as purchasing credits here to the European countries, Germany and Austria included, that most need them. For America to fail in such assistance now would not only be to repudiate the whole doctrine upon which it entered the war, but also to invite an international financial collapse into which this country would inevitably be drawn.

EVIDENTLY the proclamation of the President announcing the return of the railways to their owners on March 1 marks the beginning, rather than the end, of the fight for public ownership. The Congress still has before it the task of formulating legislation satisfactory to the private interests involved, the latter being in no wise willing to have their properties returned to them without financial guarantees that will at least prevent bankruptcy. On the other hand, such guarantees cannot be given without the enactment of legislation that will bind the public to rate increases, and such legislation is incompatible with promises to lower the cost of living. Organized labor, for its part, will have nothing to do with any law containing an anti-

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strike provision, and the announcement of the machinists' vote threatening a strike if such a law is enacted will surely give Congress pause. On December 29 an important conference representing the American Federation of Labor, the ten international railway unions affiliated with it, and the four unaffiliated railway brotherhoods, not only opposed the anti-strike provision of the Cummins bill but came out squarely, in face of the President's proclamation, for a continuance of Federal control "for a period of not less than two years, so a proper test can be made of government control"; further asserting that "such test has not been given a fair opportunity either during war-time or since." It is certainly true that the country has been flooded with misinformation concerning the "failure" of government control. When a politician as experienced as Mr. Gompers is driven to take such a position as that assumed by the labor conference, it may be well for the general public to keep its eyes and ears open, and not to assume that all is over but the shouting.

LAST Sunday the country was treated to the interesting news that the impending revolution in America had been nipped in the bud. "Red Raids Smash Revolutionary Coup"—so ran the headlines. As many as twenty-five rifles and four bombs were captured in the entire State of New Jersey alone, and of 675 prisoners in New York, 201 were held and the rest released. Girls of fourteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age were arrested in various places as criminal anarchists, and women were sent to the overcrowded Ellis Island quarters although the acting Commissioner of Immigration protested that it was neither decent nor sanitary to have more women there. The total number of arrests in this most spectacular of "Red" raids thus far will probably be not less than 6,000. In Chicago and New York there was keen competition between State and Federal authorities, and the Lusk Committee raided four newspaper offices in New York. To defend these extraordinary performances, entirely without parallel in our history, the Department of Justice gives out solemn statements declaring that the Communist and Communist Labor parties were bent upon overthrowing the Government by force, forgetting to mention the fact that those parties held their organizing conventions openly and above-board last summer in Chicago without Government interference. Nothing, apparently, is lacking to complete the hysteria of Federal and State officials. The hopeful thing is that newspapers like the New York *Evening Post*, the *Globe*, and the *World* are beginning to utter warning notes of protest, as well they may. We venture the prediction that raids of this sort will make ten opponents of the Government for every agitator who is arrested. Unless the Government has clear proof that violence is being actually planned, the whole thing is in reality an official attack upon a state of mind and upon personal opinion; and for that, in the long run, Americans will never stand. However mistaken the Communists are in their plans for reorganizing society, advocacy of communism is not a crime unless accompanied by a deliberate attempt to overthrow the Government by force.

MR. BURLESON'S charges against the *New York Call*, although in some respects a bit confused and incoherent in their statement, comprise in substance alleged violation of the Espionage Act, violation of that section of the Penal Code which makes it a crime to publish articles tending to incite "arson, murder, and assassination," and the extraordinary allegation that the *Call* is not a newspaper. Obviously, if any of these charges is true, Mr. Burleson is quite within his rights. One wonders why, if the law has been violated, the Department of Justice has not been invited to take over the case. The fact that even conservative newspapers regard Mr. Burleson's proceedings as political persecution will certainly aid the *Call*. Even more significant, however, is Mr. Burleson's contention that his action involves the exercise of administrative discretion on his part, and that it is not a subject to be "reviewed, reversed, set aside, or controlled by a court of law." Mr. Burleson appears to have been a trifle hasty. It might be the better part of valor for him to reconsider his statement with his mind's eye fixed on Achilles and the vulnerable heel.

BEGINNING with the appointment of James T. Cortelyou to the office of Director of Public Safety, Mayor-elect Moore, of Philadelphia, has started his reform administration auspiciously. Although Mr. Cortelyou has had twenty years of public service as postal inspector, besides organizing successfully the detective bureau provided for the District Attorney by the last Legislature, he has never been in politics. The same is true of John C. Winston, the new Director of Public Works, who has never been a candidate for a public office. Mr. Moore has apparently been willing to disregard the spoils system in his choice of a cabinet. The only appointments which might be called "political" are those of City Solicitor David J. Smith, formerly Director of Public Works, which office he resigned because of a particularly unsavory affair consummated by the administration then in power; and A. Lincoln Acker, a powerful ward leader, who fills the newly created post of Purchasing Agent which supplants the old Department of Supplies. The remaining appointees are the directors of the Departments of Public Welfare and of Health. To the latter, Col. C. Lincoln Furbush brings more than twenty years of experience, including army sanitation, Red Cross hospitals, and membership in the yellow fever commission of the Rockefeller Foundation. These appointments, which appear to include men of unusual fitness, are highly gratifying.

MEDICAL men who have more than the strength and ambition needed to make them eminent specialists tend in modern times to become executives, such as heads of colleges or hospitals, or public personages, such as commissioners of health, rather than men of general culture. Sir William Osler, who died at Oxford on December 29, had a vivid and powerful interest in a great range of historical, literary, artistic, and scientific matters, and spoke hardly more significantly upon medicine than upon general topics like immortality and the right use of the classics and *Æquanimitas*. With all these interests, he was admirably rooted in sound learning and in that knowledge of human nature which only physicians ever acquire. In affairs of the spirit he was never superstitious; in his specialties he was remarkably humane; and in his entire career and constitution were blended geniality and friendliness. Though a Canadian by birth, and Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford since 1905, Dr. Osler nevertheless spent over twice as many of his professional years in the United States as in the British Empire; and Americans will like to think of him as carrying on here the tradition of Oliver Wendell Holmes and S. Weir Mitchell.

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For Honor and for Peace

WE have no doubt that a good many people in the United States feel that the Treaty of Versailles, however defective or even positively bad as a whole or in detail, ought nevertheless to be ratified as the only means of upholding the honor of the nation and insuring the peace of the world. Granted, it is urged, that Mr. Wilson failed to do what was expected of him and autocratically exceeded his authority, that the terms imposed upon Germany are too harsh, and that the proposed League of Nations jeopardizes some of the policies and ideals for which America has long stood—granted, in short, that we have been made a party to a bad bargain—we are nevertheless bound to go through with the business. The world wants peace, but there will be no peace unless the United States joins in bringing it about and guaranteeing it; the world wants a league of nations, but a league of nations without the United States would be a farce. However much we might do the thing differently if we had it to do over again, we ought nevertheless to give formal approval to what has been done, trusting that the League of Nations will turn out to be in fact a better device for harmonizing international differences than it seems to be on paper, and that any injustices to Germany that may develop will be done away with when the treaty comes to be enforced. Only thus, it is argued, can America preserve its good name as a nation and insure the peace so earnestly desired of all good men.

If we could think that national honor or world peace would indeed be served by the ratification of the treaty, or that any or all of the amendments or reservations proposed would give to the treaty the healing and ennobling virtues which it lacks, we should long since have withdrawn our opposition. We are no stickler for a meticulous perfection in international agreements: it is a commonplace that every such agreement is likely to embody some compromises, and that the interpretation of a document is sometimes less harsh than its terms. We could even overlook somewhat the arbitrary methods of Mr. Wilson if the instrument to which he set his hand were such as to bear inspection. It is exactly because the Treaty of Versailles will not bear inspection, it is exactly because its principles are unsound, its method vicious, its harsh provisions unworthy and unworkable, and its peace machinery a delusion and a snare, that the treaty should be rejected. To ratify it will not satisfy our national honor, nor will ratification establish or assure world peace. The adherence of the United States to the Paris agreement will not end any of the numerous wars now going on, nor do away with the misunderstandings and irritation that continue to set peoples at variance.

To what, if the treaty shall be ratified, will the United States have bound itself? It will have become a member of a League of Nations in which, if the President—not Mr. Wilson only, but any future President—so chooses, neither Congress nor the American people will in practice have any more voice than they had in the Peace Conference; in which the United States will have one vote to the British Empire's six; which may at any time involve the United States in war without the consent of Congress or the President and over an issue with which the United States is only remotely concerned; which gives no guarantee of any substantial reduction of armaments below their present size, while at the same time making possible their increase; and of which two great Powers, Germany and Russia, can become members only at the discretion of the League and upon terms which the League imposes. And this, be it remembered, notwithstanding the fact that the League of Nations is so worked into the structure of the treaty as to compel resort to the League for the execution of some of the important provisions of the treaty and the settlement of many difficulties which those provisions themselves raise. Is it necessary to the maintenance of American honor that the United States should sacrifice its right to keep out of war? Does any American in his senses, scanning the map of the world as it is today, seriously hope for peace with a League of Nations in which the peoples have no voice and in which Germany and Russia, not to mention Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Mexico, have no share?

So much for the League of Nations. How stands the case with Germany, China, and Japan? Do American honor and the peace of the world demand that the United States shall join the other signatory Powers in forcing upon Germany the acceptance in advance of financial obligations the amount of which has not yet been determined; or in stripping Germany of coal fields at the same time that it is being mulcted in indefinitely huge reparations and indemnities; or in distributing the German colonies among mandatory Powers each one of which confidently expects to retain its allotment in perpetuity; or in reducing the German army to 100,000 men and the Germany navy to a shadow while the Allies and the United States keep up such armies and navies as they please; or in demanding the surrender of German subjects to be tried, for offenses not yet specified, before tribunals yet to be created, under a procedure yet to be determined, and in accordance with an Allied notion of law which has never yet been formulated if indeed it have existence at all? And shall we have kept the faith over whose keeping the advocates of the treaty are so much concerned, shall we have safeguarded the world peace which the war was fought to vindicate and insure, by sanctioning the appropriation of Shantung by Japan? How long will the world remain a tolerable place to live in if the United States, with full knowledge of what it is doing, is to acquiesce in international crimes any one of which it would fight to the last ditch to avert were it itself the intended victim?

We care very little whose political reputation may be made or marred by the rejection of the treaty, or which political party invites success or failure by opposing it. We feel only a very moderate degree of interest in such questions as whose leadership shall be acknowledged or what political combination will prove the most effective. The honor of America and the peace of the world are of greater importance than the interests of any party or of any man. What we want, what we believe the sound heart of America wants, is a peace of justice and straightforwardness; a peace which punishes the guilty as they deserve, but which punishes to heal and reform, not to kill; a peace which will prevent, so far as human foresight can prevent, another agony such as that which the world has just suffered, but which does not deliberately do evil pretending that good may come. To achieve such a peace, to vindicate such a conception of American honor, is the great and inspiring task that now confronts the Senate of the United States. May there be no failure in this crucial test!

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The Presidential Sweepstakes

FROM all the winter quarters comes encouraging news. We are plainly in for a sporting revival of most unusual character, due to the reaction from the war and to the Presidential sweepstakes scheduled for next autumn. Political race-horses, turned out to graze ever since 1916, are in training again and are working out on quarter and half-mile tracks, just as if they were not sprung in the knees and as if they had not passed into the "aged" class since their last appearances. For such as these, selling races will, we prophesy, be the most usual, as they will be for those betters who risk anything on them. Then we hear much about certain of the "also ran" class, now being solemnly heralded as worth keeping an eye on in view of what the rest period has done for them. Some youngsters there are, though as yet not of the thoroughbred class. Altogether, there are new entries in the Presidential steeplechase every day, albeit more than one "ringer" appears among them. From now on the public prints will, we are sure, be full of the gossip of the track, and rumors of dangerous dark horses, notably a California five-year-old, are due about February 1. The sporting writers who frequent the paddocks have a lively season before them.

And so have the politicians and the public who would pick the winner. The old champion, Woodrow Wilson, is scratched; he could hardly win even if patched up by the doctors to run again. But out of the dim past comes the lumbering bulk of the aged Nebraska war-horse, Mr. Bryan, of whom it was written in 1904 after the meet in Denver:

> The tumult and the shouting dies,
> The bosses and the gangs depart,
> And now the thrice-strung sacrifice
> Is ready for another start.

There are those who believe that, beaten as this performer always has been, he will be ready for still another start, relying not upon past performances but upon long and telling experience to give him the lead over the green and nervous horses that will line up at the scratch. To know the ropes and the turns sometimes offsets the hot blood of youth, and steadiness at the hurdles counts as well. But so far, although never failing in his wind, he has invariably lost by reason of bad judgment at critical moments. Should he fight his way through the heats and enter the final, the sweepstakes are bound to lose much of their interest for the public.

Then there is a Palmer colt, new to the scene, given to bolting, using heels and head recklessly, and too much affected by the roar of the crowd. Yet his appeal is for the moment undeniable, and in tryouts he often appears to have the inside track. The bookmakers will not take their eyes off him until the gong rings and the flag drops. As for the McAdoo sprinter, his trainers took him out of the preliminary canter at Washington, and there are those who believe that he has been a runner-up with the champion too long to be even a popular favorite. Moreover, there is a reaction from Southern-bred animals; the popular fancy inclines to those trained in the North. And what a host we have of them! There is the Butler-plater, the Wood ex-charger, the Lowden Illinois farm-bred flat racer, and Johnson, a powerful, well spoken of worker from California, whose tryouts have been the best of any. And there is the Gerard entry, admittedly a forty-to-one shot, entered because of the absence of first-class starters, relying too much on the power of a rich stable and moving-picture popularity. And still they come from the Republican and Democratic stables—a motley lot, and not a noble steed among them all.

That is what the public is saying as it watches. Oh, for some new blood, or for some trained thoroughbreds, red of nostril, flashing of eye, in the vigor of their powers, with a real knowledge of the obstacles ahead, soft of mouth, sensitive to the spur, and full of ambition to serve until each quivering muscle is strained to the utmost! It is, indeed, as a whole, a sorry lot thus far trotted out for the greatest of races: a general who has not heard a hostile shot fired since 1908, an Attorney General politician who boasts, boasts, and then boasts again of what he will but does not do; a president of Columbia, his name synonymous with reaction, who gave voice as late as 1913 to the sentiment that if the Kaiser had lived in any other country his amiable qualities and intellectual powers would have placed him at the head of the nation—this of a reactionary autocrat who believed he was governing by Divine right and prated endlessly of his intimacy with God! As for the ex-Ambassador, if the country has sunk so low as to have no man of real intellectual calibre to turn to, there might be some excuse for his candidacy, but the excuse, if there be any, is not yet apparent. Similarly, it is impossible to see just why a politician like Senator Harding is even suggested at this juncture.

Yet how great the opportunity, how crying the need! We are face to face with a changing world, with great economic upheavals; the deeps are breaking up. The nation itself is sound to the core, but the little men who have come to the front in cities and States and even in Congress are stampeded by the necessity of facing issues long the commonplaces of European politics, and of grappling with social phenomena about which they are too ignorant to act intelligently. Mayors, State Senators, and even Governors find themselves suddenly called upon to drop the parcelling out of jobs and the manipulation of local issues, and instead to face great fundamental problems; and their Americanism has not stood the test. They turn to force and to repression; they throw overboard the most sacred traditions of the country; they abandon in their stampede the fundamentals of personal and popular liberty, and believe that they can crush out unrest and restore the old America by resort to imprisonment and expulsion. Mr. Lowden promises us a business administration, and indubitably we need an able administrator; but he also, with almost all the others, stands on a platform of repression, of America for the Americans. Senator Johnson alone appears to realize that, as the Berger election showed, the masses of America will rise to any man who shall tell the truth in this hour of almost complete public misinformation; who shall entrench himself in the sound Americanism of the Founders, while ready to coöperate with a sane and wise League of Nations and eager to have America devote all of her surplus means to the rescue of a gravely endangered Europe. The hour calls loudly for a Chief Magistrate steadfast and staunch, steeped in American principle, and as ready to sacrifice everything for the old Americanism as Cleveland was ready to face defeat by coming out for tariff reform in 1887. Let it be written down at the beginning of 1920 that no candidate who adequately measures up to the hour's need is yet in sight. Whether the existing political conditions will permit the appearance of such a candidate is for the next five months to show.

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Juggling with the Cost of Living

NOT since the days of our early youth, when we were first taken to see Hermann, has it been our good fortune to witness a sleight-of-hand performer who can equal the Administration's star artist, Attorney General Palmer. With a wave of the injunction wand he "settles" the coal strike, and four hundred thousand miners mysteriously disappear into the bowels of the earth. Fresh from this triumph, he returns to his famous trick of lowering the cost of living.

At the end of August the railway shopmen agreed to postpone their threatened strike for three months in order to give the Government time to reduce the cost of living. The Attorney General had already asked a large appropriation to run down profiteers. On September 4, in announcing that the downward tendency of prices had begun, he sounded a trumpet call to all Federal and State agencies to coöperate in lowering prices. On September 12 the Senate passed the Administration's anti-profiteering bill, carrying penalties of $5,000 fine and two years' imprisonment. On October 24, in a ringing address, the Attorney General boldly demanded an ending of the "vicious circle of higher wages and higher prices," and incidentally declared idleness to be a sin. During November he was occupied in settling the coal strike and had no time to lower the cost of living further, although on the 21st the powers of the Food Administration were transferred to him. December again brought relief to a suffering public. On the 16th Mr. Palmer pledged the full power of the Department of Justice in prosecuting profiteers, and proposed fundamental remedies, such as the remobilization of the Four-Minute Men of green and fragrant memory to make "work and save" addresses in the theatres, and the organization of women to refuse to buy anything except necessaries until prices should come down. He was confident that a law requiring prices to be stamped on goods would bring real relief. On December 22 he reported progress, informed a waiting country that prices have a habit of declining between January 1 and March 1, and stated that the cost of living is "already under control," and "can be reduced if"— But why go on? The method should be clear, even to the uninitiated. Unterrified denunciation of high prices and vigorous announcement of a purpose to lower them, plus more laws and more petty offenders in jail, and the trick is turned. Bradstreet's price index number for August was 20.0017, for September 19.4720, for October 19.5215, for November 19.9026, and for December 20.1756.

In view of these remarkable achievements of the Attorney General, we cannot understand why our fellow-citizens persist in talking about the high prices of shoes and clothing and shelter and Christmas turkeys; or why Mr. Zabriskie, of the Sugar Equalization Board, asserts that Government bungling of the sugar situation has cost the people of the country $940,000,000 during the past year; or why Mr. McAdoo demands publication of the coal operators' income tax returns; or why any one imagines that United States Steel Corporation net earnings of $108,000,000 during the first nine months of 1919 have anything to do with prices; or why labor persists in striking for higher wages because the old wages will not pay the bills. When we pay forty dollars for a twenty-dollar suit of clothes, or eight dollars for a four-dollar pair of shoes, or ten cents for a five-cent newspaper or piece of pie, and when each week brings us some new price advance, we are puzzled but not alarmed.

To be sure, we are annoyed by old-fashioned persons of the pestiferous breed of economists. They assert that private control of land, mines, and forests is more and more opposed to cheap food, cheap coal and iron, and cheap timber. They declare that the transportation tax, now levied by private railway owners, mysteriously reappears, multiplied several times over, in prices. They inform us that our chaotic marketing arrangements add enormously to the cost of our products, and that a well-known weekly periodical does not get a million dollars for the advertising in a single issue without somebody paying the bill; they further aver that other countries have already made great strides in organizing both their agriculture and their marketing arrangements. They maintain that inflated currency and credit mean inflated prices, and that the payment of interest on two hundred billions of war debts in some way raises the grocer's bill. They even say that so long as employers and employees spend more time in quarreling over the division of product than in producing something to be distributed, goods cannot be abundant and cheap. Finally, some of them allege that it is the proper business of government to eliminate unjust or monopolistic privilege from the economic arrangements of the people, and to help organize the industrial life of the nation. So far as those who make these statements are Socialists or sovietists, they ought of course to be in jail, and doubtless Mr. Palmer will put them where they belong. So far as they are mere professors, they safely can and probably will be disregarded. For our own part, we take no stock in such assertions. We draw our salary checks humbly and give them gratefully to the good banker to be taken care of; for we know, too, as well as any one else, that the Attorney General will steadily reduce the cost of living.

Looking Back Over 1920

LOOKING back over the year 1920 with a view to noting its significant tendencies, we are especially impressed by the development of government by injunction. Judge Anderson's historic ruling in the coal strike of 1919 was followed, as readers of *The Nation* will recall, by an order of court in Indiana enjoining a meeting of a labor union that was to have been addressed by Scott Nearing, and by an injunction in the State of Washington forbidding, within a certain judicial district, further activities of the I. W. W. on the ground that they might produce loss of life and property. We said at the time that this was introducing a novel doctrine into our criminal law, and the following items, taken from newspapers during the past year, show conclusively how well the courts have acted upon it.

BOSTON, April 10. An injunction was granted today by Judge Lawless in the United States District Court forbidding the local street railway workers' union from calling its proposed strike for higher wages. The court held that the striking employees might try to interfere with the street railway service of the city, thus causing disorder and possible loss of life and property.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1. Lieutenant Percy Bunk, of the American Legion, appeared before Judge Hardhead today and asked for an order restraining the holding of this evening's session of the Pacific Coast branch of the American Historical Association, to be addressed by Professor John Forward on "Some New Truths Revealed by Excavations in the Cities of the Aborigines of Arizona." Lieuten-

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ant Bunk, it will be recalled, held an important position during the war in the ground branch of the Aviation Service, subsection on personal safety. He bears a scar on his left wrist, received when a careless aviator dropped a monkey wrench on a field. Lieutenant Bunk stated to the court that, "in the present state of public opinion, new truth on the aborigines of Arizona, or on any other subject, is likely to have an inflammatory effect."

NEW ORLEANS, October 28. Judge Henchman yesterday enjoined all Republicans from taking part in the coming Presidential election. The presence of two parties at the polls, he said, often caused disorder, with resultant jeopardy to life and property.

NEW YORK, December 2. All the criminal courts here were adjourned yesterday until next October. The recent injunction of Justice McThug, forbidding any inhabitant of the city from committing any crime during the next six months, leaves the criminal courts without a docket. Persons violating the order will be punished for contempt of court, thus superseding the cumbersome old-fashioned method of trial by jury with a more efficient procedure.

POTTSVILLE, Pennsylvania, December 16. The Universal Correspondence School has inaugurated a new course. "Learn to be a judge!" says a descriptive circular. "The disappearance of the jury system and the new method of dealing with crime by injunction has occasioned a widespread demand for men on the bench to handle contempt of court cases. Can be mastered in ten easy mail lessons. No previous knowledge of the law required."

WASHINGTON, December 25. In a Christmas message today to the American people, the Attorney General says that he regards the present widespread use of the injunction in suppressing strikes and restricting civil liberty as a signal victory for his Department in its onslaught against the high cost of living. The Attorney General admits that prices have been rising steadily during the past year, but he looks for a decided drop in the spring of 1921.

The Case of Colorado College

THE Committee on Academic Freedom and Academic Tenure of the American Association of University Professors, through a sub-committee of inquiry for Colorado College, has at last published its report upon the dismissal of Dean Parsons from that institution in July, 1917. The reasons for the long delay appear in the report, which, though presented with admirable impartiality and lucidity, has involved an unusually difficult piece of research and has had to contend at almost every step with the indifference, the secretiveness, and the contemptuous or hostile attitude of the Trustees, in these respects unwaveringly sustained by the approval of President Duniway.

What happened can be stated very briefly. In November, 1915, certain charges of indiscreet and improper conduct brought against former President Slocum by two persons employed in the college offices came to the knowledge of a small group of influential professors, among them Dean Parsons. As Vice-President of the college, as well as Dean of the Department of Arts and Science, Dean Parsons naturally took a prominent part in dealing with a situation which to the entire group, as well as at first to two of the Trustees, seemed to make the resignation of President Slocum absolutely essential to the self-respect and the public reputation of the College. (The sub-committee of inquiry made no investigation and now expresses no opinion whatever regarding the truth of these charges.) The complications which arose led to the resignation, in June, 1916, of the President, who had performed his duties with credit for nearly thirty years, and threw into the hands of the Trustees the immediate problem of how the college should be administered during the academic year 1916-1917, in which President Slocum was to be absent from the college in quest of endowment funds. Dean Parsons was a member of the administrative committee which was asked to take charge of internal affairs until a new president could be chosen. There was friction between this committee and the Trustees, who denied to the committee certain of the functions normally pertaining to the president and meddled with most of them. In June, 1917, President Slocum retired, and in July Dean Parsons was dismissed. Not until April, 1918, did the Trustees make any public statement, and then they made one which was worse than none at all.

"The manner of dismissal of Dean Parsons," the sub-committee concludes, "was arbitrary and unjust. No charges were stated, and no hearing given. . . . It is morally certain that the chief immediate cause of the action of the Trustees in dismissing Dean Parsons was resentment at the part which he had taken in urging and bringing about the resignation of President W. F. Slocum. . . . Various other complaints of the Trustees against Dean Parsons, so far as they are discoverable, or susceptible of exact investigation, appear to the committee either not to be sustained by the evidence, or, in so far as they are sustained, to be trivial and inconsequential. . . . The acts of the Trustees since the dismissal, and more recently those of President Duniway, have shown that the administration of Colorado College did not desire any fair, complete, or genuinely judicial investigation of the case of Dean Parsons to take place." The sub-committee can say nothing worse of Dean Parsons than that on a few occasions the professorial group to which he belonged was not quite as critical or as tactful as it might have been; he, however, was in no case more to blame than the others. Moreover, he seems to have conducted himself toward the Trustees, though with firmness, yet with dignity and restraint, while certain of them are reported to have shown bad temper repeatedly.

It should indeed be admitted that in the case of President Slocum the Trustees were confronted with an extraordinarily delicate task, and as human beings they may be pardoned for floundering a little; but there can have been no excuse for making Dean Parsons the victim of their chagrin or spleen or resentment. If they have any better reasons than they have given, there cannot be any valid excuse for keeping them secret. Unless they do make public something yet hidden, they must be held exclusively to blame for an episode which is a disgrace to Colorado College. The students, faculty, and alumni of the college, together with the Annual Conference of Congregational Churches in Colorado, have with remarkable unanimity taken the side of Dean Parsons. What is most irritating about the whole affair, to any one interested in American education in its larger aspects, is the fact that the Trustees not only had a legal right to do as they did, but had also, no doubt, a conviction that they were properly upholding the authority of their body in disciplining a professor who questioned it. Until college trustees can be cured of the psychology which allows them to regard college faculties as employees and themselves as employers and owners, there can be no real improvement in the present situation.

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The Land and the People

By DAVID Y. THOMAS

A MONTHLY review recently contained an editorial paragraph on "Capital and Land," which was prefaced by the remark: "Most of the talk against 'capital' and the 'capitalistic class' is shallow and ignorant." I do not do very much talking against capital and the capitalistic class, but I seem to differ radically with the editor about the matter of land ownership, and I fear that I shall be classed as shallow and ignorant, though I am not a socialist.

The editor says that socialists hold that all land ownership is monopolistic and dangerous. This position he counters by the statement that it is a question of "facts and conditions" rather than of "abstract theory," and for proof refers to the abundance of land for sale in New York at ridiculously low prices. Following the suggestion of the editor, I wrote to the Department of Agriculture at Albany, and received a book of 312 pages, advertising 1092 farms for sale or rent. I presume that the owners pay for the space. If so, the State of New York is doing a fine thing toward eliminating that worse than useless member of society, the real estate agent.

But that is an aside. What I started out to say was that this book does not seem to me to furnish the "facts and conditions" necessary to controvert the "abstract theory." I did not read all of the advertisements, but the cheapest lands I found were listed at $10 an acre. That is not extortionate, provided the land is worth anything except for standing room. But I wonder if that "pathetic eagerness" to sell does not in many cases indicate that the owner could not make a living on his farm. Supposing that a man could make a living, $400 would be required to get forty acres. To stock it and provide the necessary household furniture and funds for running expenses would require a minimum of another $600, making a total of $1,000. Now thousands of the people whom the world is so anxious to get "back to the land" lack this very necessary $1,000. To borrow it on land that would make a bare sustenance would be difficult, or, if possible, burdensome.

The small farmers of New York are not the only ones who manifest a pathetic eagerness to sell. A few years ago there was a "land congress" at New Orleans and later another at Memphis, I believe, where the owners of large tracts of cut-over lands counseled together how they could best unload their holdings, now stripped of the timber which would have paid for the cost of clearing. When Secretary Lane's bill for land for soldiers was introduced, the landholders held an enthusiastic meeting at Little Rock and signed options on the lands they had patriotically held for the soldiers while they were fighting to make the world safe for them and for democracy. I believe that the landowners in Wyoming also, Mr. Mondell's State, were of the same mind toward the bill. Undoubtedly many soldiers are interested in the bill, but I doubt if they are half so enthusiastic as the land monopolists.

The editor of the review already quoted says: "There is not the slightest danger of land monopoly, or any objectionable form of landlordism. Town lots and farms are bought and sold as easily and freely as Liberty Bonds, or shares in oil or mining stocks." I wonder if the editor has studied carefully the census report on tenancy; also, the report of the Bureau of Corporations on the lumber industry (1913); also, reports of the California Commission on Housing and Immigration, and more particularly their report on large landholdings in the southern part of California. I don't know whether the members of the California commission would care to be classed as "socialists of the intelligent and law-abiding class" or not; I should hesitate to class them as "shallow and ignorant." Here are some of the things they tell us:

> That in the eight counties of southern California there are 279 holdings, each of more than 2,000 acres, comprising an aggregate of 4,893,915 acres.
>
> That the Southern Pacific Railroad's grant lands aggregate 2,598,775 acres.
>
> That apart from the railroad lands, there are at least thirty-two holdings each of more than 15,000 acres; that seven of these holdings exceed 50,000 acres each; that one of them is 101,000 acres and another 183,399 acres.
>
> That a considerable part of [the] tillable land lies idle, and that another considerable part of it is not devoted to its most beneficial use; that though there are many thousands of persons eager to get access to this land, much of it is not for sale under any circumstances, and that such portions as are for sale are held under prices usually beyond the productive value, or on terms of payment which mean great hazard or ruin to the purchaser.

Figures collected in 1916 showed that the average price paid by settlers in the various colony schemes promoted throughout the State was, according to the settlers' statements, $190.72, and, according to the commercial bodies' statement, $260.97. The commission says that "the approximate price to productive value is closest in Imperial county, where the climate is least susceptible of capitalization." Here, they say, where the holdings are comparatively small, we should naturally expect fewer tenants, but the reverse is true. The great productivity of the land enables the landlords to live in a more attractive climate while the hardy workers till the soil for them. The "approximation is most remote in the vicinity of Los Angeles, where climate, optimism, and proximity to a populous center are all capitalized and fused into the price. In Ventura county . . . with each leap in the price of beans the price of land has taken a corresponding advance. One may hear on good authority, in that county, of an owner refusing $1,000 an acre for the best bean land. In San Diego county it is a common saying that no farmer can possibly pay five per cent. interest on deferred payments on the local price of farm land and make a living."

About two years ago I happened to be in San Diego, where I read a real estate agent's advertisement stating that he had sold a piece of land twice in six weeks, the second time at an advance of 65 per cent., and that now the owner refused to sell at an advance of 150 per cent. over the first sale price. A few weeks later in a Los Angeles newspaper a man advertised himself and four sons "to let" for farm work, either as manager or as day laborers. The workers and the land were there, but could not get together because of the speculator.

It may be objected that this was only in one State and that the condition there was largely due to an inheritance

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from the Spanish régime. That is true, yet we have had seventy years in which to break up the Spanish inheritance and still it holds. Substantially the same condition is found in a number of States, some of which never were under Spanish rule. The same is true to a lesser extent all over the Union, being the more noticeable in the more distinctly agricultural States. Such States as Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, and even the new State of Oklahoma, show an increase in tenancy from 1900 to 1910; also, they show very large holdings, in no small part held out of use. In several of these States the small farms have decreased while those in excess of 260 acres have increased from 26 to 167 per cent. In Nebraska, farms of 500 to 999 acres increased 116.9 per cent.; those of 1,000 acres or more, 63.9 per cent. In New York the number of farms of 1,000 acres or more fell off five in ten years, but the number of acres included in such farms increased 77,816. In New Hampshire there has been an increase in farms of 500 acres or more. Tenancy and high-priced land go together. Several States have the same rank in both, Illinois taking first place.

"Town lots and farms," says the editor, "are bought and sold as easily and freely as Liberty Bonds or shares in oil wells or mining stocks." Yes, but who gets them? Certainly the number of tenants is increasing, both in town and in the country. Here are a few illustrations of such sales. Several years ago a house and lot changed hands in Atlanta for $25,000 and three days later changed again for $28,500. In 1919 a man in Little Rock paid $18,000 for a vacant lot, and sold it three months later at a profit of $4,500 to a man who, said the news item, bought it "as an investment." In July, 1919, one real estate firm in Little Rock reported twenty-four sales amounting to $100,000, exactly half of them being, not for business, but for "investment." Vacant lots and unused lands are good investments, for they are assessed only about one-fourth to one-half the amount assessed on lands in use. Meantime houses are becoming scarcer because of the increase in the price of vacant lots and of building material, especially lumber, which is in the hands of a few, and occupation taxes are being levied by the cities on the merchants to meet the running expenses of city government, all of which is passed on to the ultimate consumer under the label, "High Cost of Living."

Yes, timber and farming lands also change hands. Eighteen years ago a Fort Smith trust company bought 1,760 acres, held it for eight years, and sold it for $100,000 profit to residents of Illionis. Whether Governor Lowden was one of the purchasers the news item did not say. He owns 32,000 acres in Arkansas, less than one-fifth of which is in cultivation. In 1919 an Indiana concern bought 10,000 acres in Arkansas for $250,000. They expect to cut the timber off in ten years and then "a deadening crew will follow for the purpose of selling the land to farmers," so the reporter says. About the same time a huge British concern (large landholding is becoming precarious in England), capitalized at $50,000,000, bought out three other big timber companies in Mississippi. The sale of a little plantation of 1,500 acres reported a few days later was a minor transaction. Yet many of these minor transactions are reported every year, showing that some man or company has bought 160, 500, or 1,000 acres, and added them to his plantation of 1,000 or 2,000 acres.

The Manufacturers' Record (August 4, 1919) gives some interesting figures showing how food production in the United States has failed to keep pace with the growth of population This is not wholly due to the war, having commenced before the war began. According to the latest estimates the yield of grain for 1919 is 1,000,000,000 bushels short of what it would have been had production kept pace with population. For explanation *The Record* calls attention to the rapidity with which the urban population is gaining over the rural. This can happen to a limited extent without danger, for scientific agriculture is increasing the output of the farms. An explanation of the drift cityward commonly given is poor rural schools and churches. In many cases the churches have declined because many owners of the land, who formerly contributed to their support, have moved to town. The schools are poor because they never had enough money, sometimes owing to the opposition of the landowners to local taxes. This is not always true, but it undoubtedly happens in many cases.

Today I heard a Governor address a meeting of farmers. He told them that agriculture was the basic industry all over the world, that it was in a state of decline, and that the way to uplift it was through better schools and churches. I should say that the place to begin is in making ownership or occupation easier for those who wish to till the soil. I knew a farmer who had a farm large enough to support a family of seven. His two oldest sons (there were four) tried tenant farming, but soon gave up and went to town, where they could at least live and give their children better school advantages than they had had. One of the other four probably will follow, leaving the farm to the youngest. At present I am unable to account for the three daughters. Had the boys been able to get a fair start, they would have remained in the country and helped to support a better school system.

"Instead of opposing private ownership of land," says the editor, "one ought to encourage it in every way as a policy of wise statesmanship," and he calls upon the country to support Secretary Lane's plan. This plan may indeed benefit a few hundred landlords and a few thousand soldiers, but that is only a drop in the bucket. Besides, the help is not very great, for they must ultimately pay it back. Perhaps Governor Lowden, a statesman "mentioned" for the Presidency, will tell us how he proposes to get his many acres into the hands of many workers. A few weeks ago he was quoted as saying that not an acre was for sale.

The trouble is that our present system encourages the wrong kind of ownership. The situation of some of these small New York farmers already mentioned is indeed pathetic. Some one forced them to pay for the privilege of trying out these lands, and now they must force someone else to do the same, adding a little to what they paid, to save themselves from ruin. In other cases I am not sure of the pathetic side; it might be amusing, if we knew all the facts—amusing so far as the owners are concerned. Here is one with 453½ acres with all the improvements the most fastidious farmer could ask, price $39,908. It is now vacant. It ought to support eight or ten families—if those ten families had about $4,000 apiece to pay for the privilege of trying. Here is another, 332 acres, price $32,500: "Reason for selling, too far from owner's business," that is, tired of the plaything. Real reason why not occupied by seven or eight real farmers, too far from their pocket-books. That is pathetic.

What are you going to do about it? That, as Kipling says, is another story. Besides, it seems that many are not yet convinced of the existence of evil tendencies toward land monopoly.

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Japan in Siberia

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Washington, January 3

ALLIED and American military intervention in Russia seems destined to end, where it began, with the action of Japan in Siberia. An insupportable policy has completed its tragic circle. Because President Wilson failed to follow the course originally laid down by him in the matter of Japanese intervention, we have been drawn into a net of intrigue and lies, and have used our power in support of designs contrary to every tradition and purpose of the Republic.

The amazing fact is that President Wilson himself, in March, 1918, when Japanese intervention was first proposed, stated in perfectly clear and vigorous language the argument against it, and officially placed America in flat opposition to the policy. He did this in a note to the Japanese Government, which Mr. Polk of the State Department read to a dinner of the Allied Ambassadors in Washington. This note may well stand as a prophecy of all that has since come to pass in Russia and Siberia. The document, however, *was not given publicity*. By the power and prestige of America, it stopped military intervention in Russia for six months; had it been given to the world, had Mr. Wilson publicly committed himself to its argument, it would have stopped intervention for all time. But Mr. Wilson has rarely allowed specific commitments to become public; along with the most secret of diplomats, he has recognized the awkwardness that might arise from taking a definite position. An examination of his public commitments discloses that they consist mainly of a series of perfectly safe but tremendously impressive generalizations, which may be turned end for end without trouble, and if necessary made to serve as the justification for their own denial. In other words, Mr. Wilson has rarely committed himself to anything which he could not get out of.

In a certain sense, this Japanese note was the most important of all Mr. Wilson's war documents. It actually represented a vital stroke of action on the score of Russian policy. I must confess to the seditious act of having read this document. It shows the influence of Colonel House, the man who was responsible for most of Mr. Wilson's true inclinations. It rests the case against intervention upon two sound assumptions: first, that such a policy would strengthen the extreme revolutionary elements in Russia, would create a "hot resentment" among the Russian people, and would alienate even moderate Russian opinion from faith in the Allies and America; second, that the course proposed was contrary to our democratic war aims, that it could not logically be disassociated from the imperialistic course then being pursued by the military arm of Germany against European Russia, and that it would fatally compromise our moral position. In view of these considerations, the note stated, beyond denial or equivocation, that America was absolutely opposed to Japanese intervention in Siberia, even though Japan could give every assurance against impairing the political or territorial integrity of Siberia.

The first call for Japanese intervention emanated from London and Paris in February, 1918. The Allies were frantic over the Russian situation. The Ukrainian Rada, after being financed by the Allies to the tune of many millions of pounds sterling, had just made a separate peace with Germany. Trotzky had begun his negotiations with Germany at Brest-Litovsk. The world watched incredulously, without information or comprehension. Would the Soviet give in to Germany? Would they stiffen and make a stand? Could Trotzky possibly bring about a revolution of the German proletariat? The sentiment of our press and public as well was not by any means in opposition to the Russians at Brest-Litovsk; the Bolshevik bugaboo was just beginning to appear; Germany was our enemy; she was imposing an imperialistic peace on the Soviet Government.

The balance swung violently in the press from day to day. On February 16, General Hoffmann refused Trotzky's peace, and Germany announced that she would march on Petrograd. On February 17 it was hinted from London that Japan must take action in Siberia. On February 20 Lenin tentatively agreed to the Berlin peace, while the German armies swept on. All was confusion in the news for the next five days; no one outside of Russia was equipped to interpret the contest that was going on over the Soviet peace policy between Lenin and Trotzky until on the 25th of February it became clear that the Soviet Government was about to surrender to Germany. On the 26th, Japanese intervention suddenly appeared full-grown. An Associated Press dispatch from Harbin announced that Japan was to aid the Cossacks in Siberia, in answer to an appeal of General Semenov for assistance against the Bolsheviki. Said this dispatch: "The Japanese, according to reliable authority, intend to take action in Siberia at an early date. There are evidences that they have long been preparing to carry out this move." Thus early appears the name of General Semenov as Japan's Siberian associate; thus quickly did propaganda for Japanese intervention follow events in European Russia. On the same day came the Grasty interview with Marshal Foch in Paris, which the Marshal concluded with these words: "Germany is walking through Russia. America and Japan, who are in a position to do so, should go to meet her in Siberia. Both for the war and after, America and Japan must furnish military and economic resistance to German penetration. There should be immediate steps in this important matter."

The first strong note of British propaganda for Japanese intervention came on February 27. "In the face of the steadily increasing demoralization of Russia," says a London dispatch of that date, "the opinion that the time has come for Japan to act is growing here." A show of force, it was suggested, was needed in Siberia. The German troops were still advancing toward Petrograd; the Soviet Government was reported to be wavering. On the 28th, a long and obviously inspired dispatch emanated from Washington, stating that Japan had made to America and the Allies "a proposal to institute joint military action in Siberia, *to save the vast quantities of war supplies* stored at Vladivostok and along the Siberian Railway." On the 1st of March London expected action by Japan soon; America and Japan were to control the Siberian Railway. Washington, on March 2, was reported to be willing for Japan to act: "Japan is to have a free hand in Siberia, so far as the United States is concerned." A London dispatch, of the

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same date, recognized that the pressure for Japanese intervention came chiefly from France, but pledged British support also to the enterprise. On the 3rd, we were told that President Wilson had objected; the Allies were awaiting Japan's guarantees of her territorial ambitions in Siberia.

Lenin signed the German peace on March 4. On the same day it was announced from London that the Allies were confident Japan would cheerfully disclaim territorial designs on Siberia. On the 5th appeared a London dispatch with these curious words: "The British, French, and Italian Ambassadors in Tokio *intended yesterday or today* jointly to ask Japan to take steps to safeguard Allied interests in Siberia." The first and only hint of President Wilson's actual note of objection, beyond the obvious fact that America was holding up Japanese intervention, cropped out in the press of March 6, and was immediately covered up by a new burst of propaganda.

The point in all this, of course, is that there was no logical connection between Japanese intervention in Siberia and the situation in European Russia. Lenin might sign a dozen treaties, the German armies might occupy Moscow, yet Japan could do nothing about it from Vladivostok, nor could Germany, on the other hand, threaten Japan. Japanese intervention was one thing, the German menace was another, and they had practically nothing to do with each other. Furthermore, military intervention in Siberia was so palpably of the same nature as military intervention in European Russia, the policy so baldly aligned us shoulder to shoulder with Germany against a common enemy, that our Governments were hard put to it for excuses.

To complete the propaganda picture: England next began to fear that Germany might reach India through Russia; on the strength of this inspiration, Lord Robert Cecil, in an important speech on March 9, called for Japanese intervention in Siberia. On March 10, London informed us that many Russians were enlisting to help Japan in Siberia; that Prince Lvov had set up a government *in Peking,* with General Semenov as its military chief; and that Berlin was panic-stricken at the threat of Japanese invasion in Russia. President Wilson sent his amazing note to the All-Russian Congress of the Soviets on March 11. On the same day the press stated that China was to act with Japan in Siberia, and that the Bolsheviki were in great fear of the combination of forces represented by Prince Lvov and Japan. On March 13 Japan was reported to be in parley with the "Siberian Government," this being the first mention of such an establishment. The All-Russian Congress ratified the German treaty on March 15. Then came the final despairing drive for Japanese intervention in Siberia. "Japan Seeks Chance to Aid Russia," ran the headlines; "Tokio Plans Safe and Sane Policy." But America held her position—for a while longer. Suddenly, on March 21, the spring offensive opened. The question of military intervention in Russia did not come forward again until June; but the ground was being prepared.

In this first campaign of propaganda, all the leading notes were struck which later were to be sounded again and again by our State Department and by the Foreign Offices of England and France. The German and Austrian war prisoners in Siberia; the vast stores of supplies at Vladivostok; the danger that these prisoners would lead the Bolsheviki, and capture these supplies; the danger of German penetration along the Siberian Railway—these were the basis of the hocus-pocus with which prejudiced and incapable bureaucrats were to befuddle a public opinion which could have no accurate conception of Siberian values.

What the diplomats and statesmen knew officially during that period is quite another thing from the propaganda which they disseminated. W. Bruce Lockhart, for the British Foreign Office, and Colonel Raymond Robins, acting for Ambassador Francis, were sending their governments accurate statements of the fact-situation in Soviet Russia. On March 21, 1918, Captain William R. Webster of the American Red Cross and Captain W. L. Hicks of the British Military Mission set out for Irkutsk, at the invitation of Trotzky, to investigate the arming of German and Austrian war prisoners in Siberia. They reported a month later that there was no danger in the Siberian situation; that only Socialists among the German and Austrian war prisoners, men who supported the Soviet, were being armed; that in their opinion, these men were bitter enemies of the Imperial German Government; and that Siberia seemed to be quiet and orderly under the control of the local soviets. On April 10, 1918, President Masaryk of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, then just arrived in Tokio from his trip across Siberia from European Russia, expressed the same point of view in a conversation with the United States Ambassador. I quote President Masaryk's words, from a record of this conversation marked "Confidential—answers given to direct questions of the United States Ambassador in Tokio—written April 10, 1918, in Tokio," and forwarded to the State Department in Washington: "The Allies should recognize the Bolshevik Government (*de facto*—the *de jure* recognition not to be discussed). . . . The monarchic movement is weak; the Allies must not support it. . . . The Allies expected that Alexejev and Kornilov at the Don will have a great success; I did not believe it and refused to join them, though invited to do so by the leaders. I say the same about Semenov. . . . The Bolsheviks will maintain the power longer than their adversaries suppose. . . . Nowhere in Siberia (15th of March-April 2nd) have I seen German and Austrian armed prisoners; in Siberia there is no greater anarchy than in Russia." Finally, Colonel Raymond Robins crossed Siberia in May, 1918, coming all the way from Moscow to Vladivostok with normal dispatch and without molestation, under the authority of a slip of paper signed by Nikolai Lenin; and throughout the trip he saw no disorder, no arming of prisoners, nothing but the strong and satisfactory rule of the local soviets.

Then came the Czecho-Slovak adventure, the renewal of the propaganda campaign for intervention, the surrender of President Wilson, the weak statement of policy with which he attempted to excuse an inexcusable error, and the landing of Allied and American troops in Vladivostok. The local soviet in Vladivostok was dislodged from power; a "democratic" election was held under military supervision; the soviet was once more returned by a heavy majority; again it had to be dislodged. Throughout Siberia the power of the local soviets was broken by alien military force. The Czarist Kolchak was supported; a government was set up for him on the points of foreign bayonets; he began to disrupt the life of the country and terrorize the population. Space is not available for the details of this painful story—the story of an imperialist expedition in which America, without a shadow of legal or moral justification, in spite of Constitution, tradition, and common decency, has participated with troops, with supplies, and with all the power of her diplomatic arm.

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Everything that the opponents of intervention prophesied (and everything that Mr. Wilson himself prophesied) has come to pass. The Soviet power has been solidified in European Russia, and the argument of its most extreme elements has been completely justified by the action of America and the Allies. One by one the counter-revolutionary enterprises which we have supported, which have existed solely by virtue of Allied and American support, have been defeated by the rising power of the Red armies. Judenitch has been routed. Kolchak has fallen. Denikin has been overwhelmed. Their strongholds have been given up; their troops are dissipated. The people of Russia have not rallied to our "democratic" banners; wherever military pressure is removed, they revert to their soviets. The net result of the whole appalling venture has been to leave Japan where she is today, in political and economic control of all eastern Siberia. In Tokio, the military policy has triumphed, and the military clique controls the government. Kei Hara, the liberal Premier, has succumbed to the onrushing wave of imperialism. Japan is ruled by her General Staff. It is an exact repetition of the German governmental situation before the war.

In Washington the news from inner circles is that the American troops are to be withdrawn from Siberia along with pathetic Czecho-Slovak regiments—the outworn tools of a triumphant militarism. Officials say that the Japanese troops also will be removed, and that Japan will interfere no longer in Siberian politics; but this is merely the hope of distraught men who see their day of reckoning at hand. Men and policies of imperialism do not work that way. Japan, it is to be feared, has been preparing for the present crisis for many months. She has had 75,000 troops in Siberia for a year and a half. In every town along the Siberian Railway, and extending out into the vast rich country on either hand, she has established the foundations of her economic control. She is reported to have taken steps to acquire the industries of Siberia; has surveyed the mines and arranged the necessary concessions with the Cossack Semenov, whom she has constantly supported and intended finally to place in power. This is the tale which comes from thoroughly competent observers. If Japan were to withdraw her troops from Vladivostok tomorrow, everyone knows that the day after tomorrow the people of Vladivostok would set up their soviet again. It is the delusion of madness (or of a discredited statesman) to think that Japan will withdraw.

It was for just such a crisis as this that the scarecrow of Bolshevism was created. The German menace has been disposed of. We are no longer bothered by the necessity for upholding a moral position; we are done with fighting for democratic war aims. The boasted idealism of a passing moment has been swept into the discard. Now we face bald and practical problems. We are, of course, out to smash Bolshevism; all good and true men are called upon to subscribe to that. To demand the removal of Japanese troops from Vladivostok is to favor the return of the Vladivostok soviets. To call for self-determination for Siberia is to confront the menace of Bolshevism. So Kei Hara announces that the safety of Japan and of the world cannot permit the advance of Bolshevism through Siberia; and a propaganda-fed people must needs praise "brave little Japan," and acclaim the decision as another triumph of "democracy."

Foreign Correspondence

In the Wake of Denikin

Odessa, December 1

PRACTICALLY every train from Odessa to Kiev, except the one I travelled in, was held up, looted, and robbed. We went through free because we had an armored car and locomotive hitched to either end of our train. This honor was accorded, not to me, but to our military attaché, Lieutenant Smith, who had the kindness to take me along with him. And, armored train notwithstanding, we were delayed for hours until the road ahead of us could be cleared. Coming from Kiev to Kharkov, I travelled in the very comfortably appointed shiblushka of a colonel of General von Bredow's staff. A shiblushka is a freight car. We had to avoid Kursk on account of the proximity of the Bolsheviki. We could not go by way of Poltava, because Machno had been there and looted the town and was still athwart the railway. So we dodged in and out by way of devious branch lines till we arrived at Kharkov. We could not travel by night for fear of being derailed. In passing through every considerable forest, those of us that had them unlimbered our shooting irons in expectation of a hold-up.

By lifting one rail a bandit can get a train very easily. I asked why these bands did not blow up a bridge. The answer was that a bridge could not be repaired in view of southern Russia's present state of demoralization, economic and mental. Hence no more trains would come through to loot.

By reason of the superficiality of his occupation, the situation in the rear of Denikin's army is bad and steadily growing worse. What ruined Kolchak may also ruin Denikin. It may be said that railway transportation in his territory is at the lowest imaginable ebb. In addition to the bandits' activity there is the terrible fuel scarcity. The coal in the Don basin, despite optimistic reports from propaganda headquarters, is not being mined to any visible extent. Wood is used almost exclusively on the railroad, except in the region of the Don. It happens quite frequently that trains have to stop while passengers and train hands go off to look for an old shed to break up and stoke the engine. So his army at the front is badly supplied. The army at Kiev has not had any new supplies for months, and is quite in tatters, almost as bad as Petlura's army. Meanwhile the banditry at his rear, instead of decreasing, goes on and grows. Machno has reached such respectable stature that you might now call him a revolutionary leader. He has 25,000 peasants with him. He, as well as the smaller bandits, are popular. They all promise the peasants the land, which Denikin dare not do. Also they bring useful loot into the villages, clothes and furs and shoes from the town bourgeoisie, and also luxuries. You can see the most beautiful and costly things adorning the humble Ukrainian peasant's hut. I saw one family that drank out of silver goblets. When things get too hot for a bandit chief, he sends his men back to their villages to disappear among their friends.

Denikin's troops are to a large extent ex-Bolshevik soldiers. The explanation is that after every battle—and this holds good of Bolsheviks and Denikin as well—all the captured officers are killed, and those of the soldiers whose papers show that they were volunteers meet a similar fate. The balance of the prisoners is given the choice of

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enlisting with its captors' army or being shot. I asked in Kiev, while visiting the hospitals, where the hospital for wounded Bolshevik prisoners was. The answer proved identical with that of the boy eating the apple, who, in response to a demand for the core on the part of his little sister, answered "There ain't going to be no core."

There are no wounded Bolshevik prisoners. We reviewed a company of soldiers drilling at the Kiev front. Our interpreter asked all of those who were ex-Bolsheviks to raise their hands. Sixty per cent. raised their hands. You can imagine that in such an army the morale is not good. To tell the truth, the morale of neither side, among the rank and file, is anything to brag of. A British artillery officer at Cirkasse told me that there were few bayonet charges or hand-to-hand fights except when the Cossacks were involved. It is merely a question of who starts retreating first. The anonymous rank and file deserts with alacrity to the other side. But the greatest alacrity is shown by the peasant lads in sneaking off home to their villages at first opportunity. "Back to the farm" is their great cry.

While speaking of morale we naturally come to the question of discipline. You on the other side of the water have heard of Bolshevik excesses. Excesses have taken place. During their last three days' stay in Kiev the Bolshevik Tchesvitchaika (extraordinary commission) made a pyramid of 250 dead in the courtyard of their buildings. Indignant Dobrovultcha officers showed me where the brains of the victims had been spattered against the walls. But these indignant officers will not tell of the 250 Jews killed by the Dobrovultcha army on their occupation of Kiev, nor will they tell of the 150 young girls violated, or of the Jews hacked to pieces by wanton soldiery. I have the complete reports of the Kiev Committee for the Regeneration of Russia, a Jewish organization. It makes the most terrible reading. In an appeal to General Denikin for protection, this committee states that it has actual records of over 1,200 people murdered by the Volunteer Army, and records of countless others wounded and maltreated. In Kiev, of 35,000 Jewish families, 20,000 were robbed and pillaged by the Volunteer Army. And while I was in Kiev this state of affairs was still continuing. Every morning a crowd of people came to my room and asked for American protection. Came, among others, a young Jewish girl, a graduate physician, visiting physician formerly in one of the hospitals, in a state of hysteria. "Three officers came into my room last night. I jumped out of the window. They stole everything I had. For God's sake take me from Kiev. I can't stay in my room. I'm afraid."

What are we Americans doing in this matter? Shall it come to the point when we shall feel as did a British woman in Kiev, who said to me: "I can't stand it any longer. I have seen these brutes all togged out in British uniforms, uniforms we sent from England, do things that I can't speak of without shuddering. I am going home by the first train I can get." What are Americans doing in Siberia, helping Kolchak's army without a positive assurance that it will not repeat, or has not already repeated, the deeds of the Dobrovultchas? If the Bolsheviks have been bloody and ruthless, that does not excuse Denikin.

This lawlessness against the Jews is having its natural result. The army has gotten quite out of hand. It pillages and robs and rapes and murders wherever it goes. And the worst is that the officers of lower rank take part in these outrages. I have seen the fingers of officers covered with diamonds. The terror following in the wake of the Cossacks is very great. A woman, speaking very good English, with her husband's registration card, showing he was a soldier in the American army, stopped me in the streets of Rostov. She said: "In 1917 my husband sent me over here to get his mother and little sister in Poltava. Then came the Cossacks, killed his mother, assaulted his sister, who died of the effects, and robbed us of everything we had. Can't you get me home?" In all the Russian cities there are *bona fide* American citizens who walk in daily danger of their lives. But there is no American consul to help them get out. I believe there is somebody in or near Rostov. But there was nobody in Kiev or Odessa, where the need is greatest. Moreover, our Government has issued strict orders to its consuls everywhere that Russians are not to be allowed to come to the United States. And even if a man of Russian birth has his American passport showing his American citizenship, the consuls in Rumania or Constantinople, if he can get as far as that, have to telegraph to Washington for special permission in order to allow his transit to America. In other words, there are two kinds of American citizenship. Moreover, under what authority does our State Department keep out Russians in general and let in other nationalities? God knows the state of southern Russia is such now that any one who can get out should be given a refuge if he is shown to be qualified for entry to our country under the immigration law. Our Bolshephobia drives us to condemn thousands to ruin and even death, and to forget our holiest traditions.

This brings me to a discussion of the condition of the civil population. A terrible apathy exists everywhere. At Kiev it was at its highest pitch. Kiev had been taken back and forth by Bolsheviks, Germans, Petlura, and Denikin, about eight times. I imagine by the time this reaches America it will have been taken a last time by the Bolsheviks. At any rate, while I was in Kiev the cannon made my heart palpitate every night. I said to myself "I don't mind being shot while marching with a gang I believe in, but I certainly object to being shot for the sake of the Dobrovultcha army." You see, I roomed with the American military attaché and was thus in a quasi-military situation. The front was only twelve kilometres from the city. You could go out to within two kilometres of it in a trolley car.

Meanwhile there is a crying need for all manufactured articles in southern Russia. One American, who had a shipment to Odessa, said he was finally forced to take diamonds, rugs, and art objects in payment. He, in other words, joined the speculators. That is all that is doing now in the large cities. Jewels that the bourgeoisie has been forced to sell for practically nothing now glitter in Kiev, Odessa, Rostov, and Sevastopol shop windows at wild prices. Food gets cornered. Exchange furnishes a gambling medium. One day the speculators play with pounds sterling, the next with dollars, the next with Rumanian leis. Fortunes are won and lost overnight. Other people manage, through bribery, to get permission to travel back and forth from Odessa to Constantinople. They load their pockets with jewelry bought from impoverished aristocrats in Russia, very cheap, and sold to Constantinople profiteers very high. There is no denying the fact that Jews form a considerable element of these speculating groups. This does not by any means decrease the prevalent anti-Semitism. But masses of non-Jews, and even government officials, are engaged similarly. The bulk of the population, however, simply sits back and stares sullenly at these crooked proceedings. The workmen in the towns, who are still close

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to the country, have simply, as in Petlura's territory, gone back to their villages. Those that remain in the cities get unheard-of pay. In short, the bourgeoisie, aside from the speculators, is between the upper and the nether millstone. It does not require the Bolsheviks for its destruction. Civil war is doing that rapidly. And in addition to the general misery there is the special misery produced by the almost absolute lack of fuel. In Kiev, during my stay, we had weather colder than any we ever have in New York. Yet nobody had any wood to heat with, not to mention coal. The only place one could exist in was one's bed. When finally the really cold weather comes in Russia, the suffering will be unbelievable.

Sanitary conditions are bad. I had occasion to visit many hospitals during my trip. I found the military institutions rather better off than the civil, which were in terrible shape. The worst hospital I saw was in Kiev, where, in the largest city hospital, three people ill of typhus were lying on each little cot. The rooms were unheated; in order to preserve a little warmth the windows were pasted shut with paper. Consequently the stench was frightful. At this very time many military hospitals in Kiev were pretty nearly empty because most of the sick and wounded soldiers had been sent to Kharkov. Kiev was considered to be too near the front. Thanks to my protests, the army sanitary department ordered the military hospitals to take patients from the civilian institutions. And so in a few days the big city hospital at least was no longer overcrowded, and sick people no longer had to wait twenty-four hours in the reception ward for a bed. Most of the hospitals were lamentably short of medicines, linens, and materials and equipment. I am sure I do not know how many times the Red Cross has been told that medicines and hospital equipment are urgently needed. At least six reports to this effect have been sent to Paris. While typhus patients die for want of salvarsan injections, and operations can take place in many hospitals only once a week for lack of chloroform, the Red Cross warehouses in Rumania are full of salvarsan and also of chloroform that is evaporating.

The Bolshevik occupation of Kiev added a rather interesting chapter to the history of the medical institutions. As always, the Bolsheviks gave with both hands to the hospitals as well as to all philanthropic organizations. In fact, one finds that the Bolsheviks were not particularly destructive of the established instruments of civilization. Most of these they took over and ran, perhaps in a rather disorganized fashion. The coöperatives they did not succeed in ruining. I had visits from chiefs of all these cooperatives and learned that they were in very active operation. Everywhere you saw the coöperative stores full of people. Even commerce and shopkeeping have survived, although most of the shops were closed by the Bolsheviks. Human habits do not alter so quickly and so radically. Unless you kill all the shopkeepers and all the people that have been accustomed to buying at shops, you cannot get rid of modern commerce, the wholesaler, the middleman, and the retailer. The chaos in the territory held by Denikin, and the fear of pogroms and persecution, have done more to paralyze business in southern Russia than the interlude of Bolshevism. The world of art, of course, was well protected by the Bolsheviks. Artists, and among these were even the most humble pretenders to the title, were excellently paid and protected. Opera and theaters were going constantly. Yet, I must admit that the few artists I met personally seemed to have a violent prejudice in favor of the old bourgeois system.

But to return to the hospitals under Bolshevik rule. Pecuniarily they were well fixed. But in every hospital the Soviet Republic founded a governing committee made up of patients, hospital workers, and a delegate from the Government. I think the doctors, being suspected of a sycophantic love of the bourgeoisie, were not given a voice in this committee. Nevertheless, in many hospitals things worked out rather well. But in some, due probably to the tactlessness of the chief physician, things went on in a comic fashion. The committee in such an event became unruly. The hospital workers refused to work. The patients struck. One physician told me that it happened frequently that a pneumonia patient, seeing him give a typhus patient a salvarsan injection would demand the same treatment. "This is a free country and everybody has a right to the same treatment." Argument proved useless. The pneumonia patient threatened to have the doctor arrested as a bourgeois. And the doctor gave the injection. At any rate this is a good story. In other hospitals the patients well enough to get around and fend for themselves declared that only those people who worked should get anything to eat. And on this theory they took away and ate the food intended for the patients ill abed. Also a good story.

About Denikin's government as an organization little need be said here. For the most part, this government, like that of Petlura, is chiefly façade. Denikin and his two generals, Lukhomsky and Romanovsky, do most of the governing. I was told all about how many milliards of income the government expected in the current year. I, however, said to the propaganda chief, who was filling me full of these day-dreams: "Be on the level with me, old man. Isn't Denikin's chief source of present income the printing press?" He tried to dodge with incoherencies about new governments always having to face difficulties. But I pinned imagination down to facts, like a gorgeous butterfly on a deal board. "Well, yes, we do rather keep up with our current requirements in the way you suggest." "Put it there, old man," I said. And we shook hands and parted the best of friends.

HENRY G. ALSBERG

Contributors to This Issue

DAVID Y. THOMAS is professor of political science in the University of Arkansas.

LINCOLN COLCORD is the Washington correspondent of *The Nation*.

HENRY G. ALSBERG is an American journalist traveling in Europe whose letters have appeared in *The Nation*.

ISRAEL FRIEDLANDER, an authority on Jewish subjects, is professor of Biblical literature and exegesis in the Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

FRANK ERNEST HILL is a scholar and poet who became an aviator during the war and has since decided to make aviation his work.

MRS. MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH is the head of Greenwich House, a social settlement in New York city.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN is *The Nation's* dramatic critic.

WILLIAM W. DAMBIT is the pseudonym of an authority on the Baltic region.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is the London correspondent of *The Nation*.

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A Great Bible Scholar

By ISRAEL FRIEDLAENDER

THE death of Arnold B. Ehrlich, which occurred in the city of New York a short time ago, has deprived the world of Biblical scholarship of one of its most brilliant exponents. Ehrlich was not officially connected with any institution of learning; his name is little known outside of the narrow circle of professional Bible students, and is possibly not sufficiently known even among them. Yet, his life work, represented by eleven substantial volumes dedicated to the elucidation of the Scriptures, merits the grateful appreciation of all those to whom the Bible is an integral part of human civilization.

Ehrlich was born seventy-one years ago, in a typical Jewish town on the banks of the Bug River, on the border line of Russia and Poland. Deprived, like practically all Russian Jews of two generations ago, of the opportunity for secular culture, Ehrlich received a typical old-fashioned Jewish education, amazing in extent as well as in depth. He learned to master the Bible in the original and the immense post-Biblical literature in Hebrew. Like all educated Russian Jews, he acquired above all a command of the Hebrew language, not merely as the key to a hoary past, as which it is still taught at our universities and seminaries, but also as a living medium of literary expression—a command which stood him in good stead in his later exegetical endeavors. At a somewhat mature age Ehrlich became attracted towards modern culture, and, after a severe physical and mental struggle, such as has been the lot of so many Russian Jews during the nineteenth century and will one day be appreciated by the world as one of the finest manifestations of the unconquerable striving of modern humanity for intellectual advancement, he managed to gain access to the University of Leipsic, where he came under the influence of that saintly scholar and celebrated exponent of Biblical exegesis, Professor Franz Delitzsch. During these years Ehrlich laid the foundation for his remarkable mastery, not only of the classic languages but also of Arabic, which is indispensable for a thorough understanding of the language and phraseology of the Bible. After untold hardships and many wanderings which at one time carried him to England, he ultimately settled in this country, to which he remained passionately devoted until the day of his death. Though he was denied an opportunity to devote his life to the studies so dear to him, his extraordinary mental energy remained focussed on one point: the elucidation of the Biblical word. Without any assistance and without any encouragement from without, he quietly and tenaciously pursued his task until at the late age of fifty he summoned enough courage to present to the scholarly world the first fruits of his labors.

His first publication is a work in three volumes written in exquisite Hebrew, under the title "Mikra Ki-Pheshuto," "The Bible in its Literary Meaning" (1899-1901). In these volumes, which are primarily designed for the Hebrew-reading Jewish public, the author courageously sets aside all the old-fashioned canons of Biblical exegesis, and systematically applies to Scripture the linguistic and exegetical standards which have been recognized in the elucidation of other ancient texts. The quotation from an Arabic writer, placed as a motto at the head of his work: "He who has the truth is in the majority, even though he be one," is characteristic of the spirit of daring research which pervades his entire exegesis.

Realizing the need of communicating the results of his studies to the non-Jewish scholarly world, Ehrlich abandoned the use of Hebrew and resorted to German as the linguistic medium of his later works. In 1905 he published an elaborate commentary on the Psalms, and beginning with 1908 he was engaged in the publication of his "Randglossen zur Hebräischen Bibel" ("Marginal Notes on the Hebrew Bible") consisting of seven large volumes in which, following the order of the Hebrew Bible, he endeavors to unravel its original meaning and purport. In spite of his remarkable industry and pertinacity which enabled him to publish eleven volumes in fifteen years—the last volume of his Randglossen appeared in 1914—Ehrlich remained far from satisfied. He was fully aware that his work was not final, and, in the nature of things, could not be final, and, with a concentration which bordered on eccentricity, his whole being remained wrapped up in the pursuit of his studies. So great was his anxiety to fathom the mysteries of the Biblical word, that during the last few years of his life his friends found it entirely impossible to divert his thoughts even for a moment from the discussion of Biblical problems. Without any regard to his physical needs or to the amenities of life, his mind remained riveted on the difficulties of the Biblical text, in the hope of supplementing his published works by the later results of his studies. He died with a Hebrew Bible in his hands.

Ehrlich's exegetical work is characterized by several features which single him out from among the host of modern Biblical commentators. A radical in religious matters, he contended that the Bible must be treated like any other ancient text, and he carefully refrained from reading any theological bias into it.

But, while refusing to accept the Bible as the authoritative source of religion, he insisted that the Biblical authors were masters of thought and diction, and he repudiated, and frequently ridiculed, the attempts of many modern exegetes who, in their desire to force a meaning into the Bible text, have saddled the Biblical writers with all kinds of linguistic and stylistic monstrosities. He accepted the results of modern Biblical science as a matter of course. Yet he remained indifferent to so-called Higher Criticism, maintaining that the critical analysis of the literary sources of the Bible is pure guesswork unless firmly grounded in a proper understanding of the text. Fully convinced that the Bible can only be interpreted out of its own linguistic and cultural environment, he set about to find parallels to the Biblical usage in the extra-Biblical oriental literatures, particularly in post-Biblical Rabbinic literature which has been sadly neglected by modern Biblical scholars, and in the vast literature of the Arabs. His uncanny linguistic talents which enabled him to attain to a profound knowledge of several ancient languages and to handle with exquisite literary skill Hebrew, German, English, and Polish, made it possible for him to observe and point out many fine shades of the Biblical idiom which had hitherto escaped the notice of Biblical scholars. And wherever a text, in spite of all scholarly attempts, refused to yield a logically consistent and grammatically acceptable meaning he declined to be satisfied with an artificial exegesis, but resorted, as every editor of an ancient literary document is bound to do, to a reconstruction of the text.

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The Flyers

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

We are the children of Science that mated with Vision,
Sons of a song that was wedded to furnace and wheel;
We are the riders of vapor and vastness Elysian—
Oceans impalpable dying in light at our keel;
We are the stranglers of storms and the wild playfellows
Of dusk that obscures and empurples, of dawn that yellows
The paths of Icarus over an earth engirdled
With rail of iron and rope of copper and steel!

We are the bearers of thunder to sector and city,
We are the sowers of death from the heights of the world,
Flinging our missiles of flame on the thousands we pity,
Watching the harvest that leaps to the seed we have hurled;
We are the stalkers of prey for the hard-lipped slayers,
We are the makers of sorrow for mourners and prayërs,
Makers of hate for the fury and glory of battle
Till slaying is slain and the flags of the slayers are furled.

We are the merchants of morrows whose caravels marry
Lima with London, and Boston with Omsk or Bombay,
Carrying cargoes or men as the cables that carry
Thought on a flutter of sound in a flutter of day;
We are the sellers of speed and the strong-souled buyers
Of time that the millions mourn and a world desires—
The gem men lust for, the thief that ruins and plunders,
The beast we hunt through the heavens and find and slay.

We are the bearers of freedom to millions besotted,
Men that have moiled in the mill of the office or trade,
Losing their souls in the grind of the labor allotted,
Slaves by surrender to habit, the starved and dismayed;
We are the masters that bind to a new indenture,
Waking the soul with imperial call of adventure
In cloud and cold and infinite isolation—
The lure, the challenge, the quest, and the high crusade!

Ye that are cheated of life by the toil that sustains you,
Ye that have wasted your days for the want of a goal,
Ye that have need of a sword for the sin that profanes you,
Ye that are avid of life to the least of its whole—
Come to the gates of the sky and the great-sailed galleys,
Seek ye the wine of speed in the cloud-walled alleys,
Riding the road of gods till the paths ye follow
Shall wake the god that sleeps in the dust of your soul!

In the Driftway

HORSES were the Drifter's hornbook. When he was five he used to steal away from vigilant eyes and run races on bay Dick, a fat, lazy mustang with one eye and a touch of the heaves but with a lyrical love of fighting and a genuine lust for a scamper when there was racing in it with or without a chance to win. And two or three years after that the Drifter one July afternoon surreptitiously led out gray Billy, the tallest saddle horse in the county, and rode him up and down in a distant pasture, his great feet thundering on the baked prairie and the muscles of his mighty back rolling beneath the boy's legs in a way still as vivid to the memory as it was then thrilling and terrifying to the sense. Since then the Drifter has bestridden many mounts, from the shrew and vixen Maggie that took him breakneck down an Indian Territory mountain to Hartshorne and won him a pair of brass spurs from a defeated Choctaw, to the plow-horse Dan in Connecticut, where the farmers (strange race!) have many of them never sat upon a horse. But of all his riding none has compared, for joyous madness, with certain rides the Drifter used to have when he was fourteen or fifteen and used to go off Sunday evenings to distant churches with a roystering, innocent gang of boys of his age, who endured and sat through the service merely for the sensation, when the meeting was over and their elders were driving soberly away, of flinging themselves upon their horses and whirling off down the road like exploding Centaurs, shouting as if there had never been a Sunday, and jostling and crowding for the track as if a horse could not be thrown and a rider battered by such recklessness. Riding is never best except by moonlight, though the roads of course are deceptive then, and a horse that does not pick up his forefeet is very dangerous. But to swing into the saddle of a horse chilly with waiting and hot to be off; to break into the first run before he can be brought under control; to lean against the rush of sharp night air; to worry a few moments until your eyes, indoors for an hour, can make out the road and find where your steed is taking you; to hear a dozen and another dozen hoofs clattering down behind you, in a scramble to get by; to have your horse answer the challenge with an excitement as keen as yours and quicken his gait as your pulse quickens; to wonder whether at any moment you may not be overwhelmed by the rush; then to realize that you are holding your own, even showing them heels; to move on with the silence ahead and the dew all around you, while behind you the acrid dust streams out in an invisible banner, making the rival horses cough and snort as they lose the race—this is a very good kind of glory.

* * * * *

THE Drifter felt keenly last week the death of his old friend Major-General Thomas H. Barry. There was a real American soldier and not a politician in uniform forever seeking to bask in the favor of political leaders or of those in high office. He was essentially a duty officer, and the way he licked his raw troops into shape during the second occupation of Cuba and disciplined his officers was a revelation to those who knew only the slipshod, out-of-date methods of the regular army prior to 1898. No more efficient army ever marched under the American flag than that force when it left Cuba, save the little army which Pershing led out of Mexico after the fruitless quest of Villa. It was Barry whom the General Staff picked for years as the man to lead the army in the event of war with Mexico, and in telling the Drifter of this the General declared that he would not cross the Rio Grande with fewer than 175,000 men, that he stipulated for a reserve in Texas of 325,000 more, and asked for a period of five years in which to "pacify" Mexico. Barry would not make speeches or toady to newspaper men. He never exalted his profession or prophesied war with other countries in after-dinner speeches in order to get his name on the first page of the press. He was, in brief, no militarist whatsoever, nor was he a preacher of any kind of army propaganda. He was an old-fashioned officer and a gentleman without fear and without reproach.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Now for Woman Suffrage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We English suffragists shall be terribly disappointed if American women throughout the length and breadth of the United States are unable to vote at your next great election. In fact we had supposed that the battle was all over "bar the shouting" and that the ratification by the necessary thirty-six States was merely a matter of detail. Now we learn that there is considerable doubt whether it will be accomplished in time.

During my stay in this country I have noted the good fight being put up by your suffrage organizations and their efforts to secure a favorable verdict in the various States which have still to ratify. But they tell me they could carry on a still more vigorous campaign if additional assistance were forthcoming.

As an Englishman I am of course outside the divisions of opinion as to the recent methods of the battle in this country. But now that these questions are matters of the past I feel that both wings of the movement—your great historic National Woman Suffrage Association of 171 Madison Avenue, New York, and your young but vigorous Woman's Party of 14 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.—have not only a common aim but also a common policy. May their hands be strengthened to secure early in 1920 votes for all the women of America!

New York, December 23 F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE

High Finance and New York Transit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is worth recalling that in the summer of 1907 the Public Service Commission investigated the Interborough-Metropolitan Company; Mr. Ivins was inquisitor general. He had on the stand Edward P. Bryan, then president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. The following colloquy took place:

Q. Do you know that a discount was paid on the first sale of June 30 of $1,000,000, of $300,000, and a discount was paid of $150,000 on the second sale of January 19, 1906; of discount in the form of discount to Belmont and Company, aggregating $450,000 on the sale to them of those bonds?

A. I could not answer as to those figures. I know that they were underwritten, those notes, I think by August Belmont and Company; what the terms were I am not familiar with at present. . . .

Q. Now I find by reference to the books that in addition to this discount August Belmont and Company got three-fourths of a per cent. commission for doing the business and that you have carried that commission to your construction account. By what right did you carry a commission paid to August Belmont for taking, or rather handling the bonds which they themselves took at a discount of $450,000, and charge that commission also to the construction account as though it went to the constitution of physical property? Do you think that that charge of that commission was properly there?

A. That is a matter connected with the financing of the concern which I would prefer not to answer. . . .

Q. And from that time and down to the 20th of June, 1906, August Belmont was president of the operating company, wasn't he? . . .

A. He was until February, 1907.

Q. Now are you aware of the fact that Mr. Belmont's salary from January 30, 1903, to June 28, 1906, averaging $75,000 a year, his salary as the president of the operating company, was carried to construction account? How about that?

A. I guess Mr. Belmont was president during the period you speak of.

Q. Now, you know whether the sum of $75,000 was paid to August Belmont, or whether he received $50,000 and his firm received $25,000 a year?

A. I do not know as to the distribution of it. . . .

Q. Can you tell me why on the 15th of July, 1903, an item of $500 as a contribution to the National Civic Federation was carried to construction account and thus made ultimately chargeable back upon the city?

A. I cannot, sir; I do not know. . . .

Q. Well, what do you think they [the city officials] ought to give you for having contributed $500 to the National Civic Federation?

A. About thirty days.

Subway travelers hanging on straps to help pay $500 given to Mr. Easley's organization, and charged up to the city, will doubtless take pleasure in knowing that the recipient of this benefaction is still a zealous guardian over public and private morals. Perhaps he would prefer not to reveal to the public the sources of other moneys which he employs in abusing citizens whose opposition to the methods of New York city traction interests has incurred his deadly enmity.

New York, December 15 B. C.

Annexation—Which Way?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Americans, many of them, feel we have a sphere of influence in Mexico. I have been looking for it casually for two years and with determination for two months. The only American influence I can find in Mexico is a money influence. In northern Mexico, and particularly along the border, practically no money except United States money circulates. American civilization ends abruptly at the Rio Grande. There is nothing in Mexican architecture, Mexican cuisine, Mexican customs, and almost nothing in Mexican law and government that is American. There are now less than 10,000 Americans in Mexico. The Americans who are in Mexico must speak Mexican if they wish to carry on conversations or transact business. Mexicans of the upper class condescend to speak English when it is absolutely necessary. No American holds office in Mexico, and few, if any, hold positions of trust with Mexican corporations.

Contrast with this state of affairs the fact that Mexico has in the United States a sphere of influence embracing approximately 475,665 square miles, inhabited in 1910 by 4,316,400 people. This territory was once entirely Spanish and its culture was mixed with native Indian culture only. Today, although Americans live here and although the population now is largely American, no erasure of the Spanish-Mexican culture has been made. Americans and American culture both have a temporary appearance. The sphere of Mexican influence includes about half of California, one-fourth of Nevada, all of Arizona and New Mexico, and two-thirds of Texas.

Mexicans, both here and in Mexico, really believe the day will come when they can re-annex the Mexican part of the United States to Mexico. They believe that their sphere of influence in the United States corresponds to Alsace-Lorraine. They believe this belongs to them as much as that to France. However improbable may be the realization of the Mexican patriot's dream, it is not a bad idea to know what Mexicans think about the matter.

El Paso, December 12 L. E. CLAYPOOL

Argus, Briareus & Co.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What do you think of this evidence of the power of censorship? I have written quite freely to a missionary friend in China (a very gentle person, not at all an agitator). My friend now writes me that she cannot obtain a passport to go from China to England, because of the views I expressed about Debs, in a letter written since the armistice! Censorship, but by which Government?

Boston, December 17 X. Y. Z.

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Three Estates

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the reader of history, some things formerly difficult to understand are more plain in the light of present political experience. For instance, in the time of the French Revolution a good deal was said about the three estates. Apparently we now have three estates in this country: the capitalist, the laborer, and the public. This classification is recognized and has the sanction of the Federal Government, or at least of the Executive Department thereof.

The capitalist has ceased to be of the public, the laborer has ceased to be of the public, and I presume that in the census of 1920 each man and woman will be identified as capitalist, laborer, or of the public. We are approaching European conditions to that extent that coats of arms will probably typify the three estates, and we shall very likely have the wolf rampant, the wild cat couchant, and the lamb quiescent.

Do these conditions naturally result from the ten per cent. plus basis by which the profiteering, flag-waving patriots of the first two estates availed themselves of the sufferings of the soldier and the earnings of the public? When the three estates assemble in conclave, however, it is difficult with the naked eye to distinguish some of the representatives of the public from the capitalists. Standing out by themselves and not included in the three estates are the colored people and the conscientious objectors whose portion is the stake and the jail. We have travelled a good way politically since the days of Grover Cleveland democracy.

Brunswick, Maine, December 30 H. F. T.

Aaron Haight Palmer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The subject of establishing commercial relations with the East occupied the minds of so many of our countrymen that it is of course impossible to say with certainty with whom its discussion originated. It is, however, due to one gentleman (Aaron H. Palmer, esqr., of New York) to say that he was at least among the earliest to call attention to its importance." ["Narrative of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan." Washington, 1856. Vol. I., p. 77].

Not enough is known of the work and ideas of Aaron Haight Palmer, who as early as 1826 had interested De Witt Clinton in the project for an Atlantic-Pacific ship canal, and from 1830 for many years was active in calling the attention of commercial America to the Far East. Inazo Nitobé states that from 1830 to 1847 Palmer was director of the American and Foreign Agency of New York, and accumulated during that time a vast amount of information regarding Oriental affairs. [American Historical Association Report, 1911. Vol. I., p. 139]. In 1848 Mr. Palmer laid before President Polk a "Memoir, geographical, political and commercial on the present state, productive resources, and capabilities for commerce of Siberia, Manchuria, and the Asiatic islands of the Northern Pacific Ocean; and on the importance of opening commercial intercourse with those countries." [Senate Miscellaneous Document No. 80, Thirtieth Congress, First Session, p. 68, with appendix, the prospectus of the author's works, "The Unknown Countries of the East." See also Palmer's Memorial, Senate Miscellaneous Documents No. 10, Thirty-third Congress, Second Session].

Aaron Haight Palmer seems to have had greatly at heart the establishment of friendly and commercial relations with the Asiatic mainland and islands, and to have done what he could to fix the idea of an isthmian canal and a railway from the Mississippi River to San Francisco. As with Asa Whitney, doubtless his far-reaching plans were worth little in cash to himself, but his name at least should be known.

Hampden Sidney, Va., January 8 A. J. MORRISON

Vienna on the Edge of the Precipice

THE letter that follows, an inside view of the tragic conditions that exist in Vienna, is a translation, in part, of a communication received by James Mooney, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. The writer of the letter is Wilhelm Wolfgang Krauss, son of Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss, known as an authority on the literature and ethnology of the South Slavic peoples. The young man was pursuing his university studies, with a view to following in his father's footsteps, when the war broke out. After four years' service at the front, he is again back at his studies.

"This letter goes out from Vienna at a time when the citizen body is in absolute despair, a time when we Viennese must drain the chalice of bitterness to the bottom, with our nation of six million German Austrians crushed down under a debt of fifty billion crowns, over ten billion dollars, or more than 8,000 crowns, $1,600 per capita. No other province, no other city, in the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy has suffered what we in Vienna, all, both military and civilian, have suffered and endured in this war. At a time when Prague and Budapest were still feasting in plenty, Vienna was already starving. Already in the winter of 1914-5 we Viennese were obliged to eat bread of half-rotten corn which the Hungarians would not give to their hogs. Then came the time when there was practically no bread to be had, when one loaf cost fifty crowns, $10, and even more. Later came the time when the women of Vienna stood through cold winter nights under the open sky for ten and twelve hours at a stretch, until full daylight, in front of the butcher shops, to obtain at last ten dekagrams, three and a half ounces, of lard. Even then many received nothing. We ate stale vegetables, indigestible dried stalks not fit even for cattle. We ate half-decayed potatoes which we had to coax one by one from the farmers with precious money. Horse flesh with us was a rare and costly delicacy.

"But German Austria is sick, too, of inner wounds. The country districts are clerical, conservative, anti-Semitic, of peasant outlook. Vienna, through the preponderance of the proletariat, is socialistic and liberal. The bourgeoisie of Vienna must stand aside powerless. It is spending its accumulated savings, with very little earning, and faces pauperization. It is divided between anti-Semites and liberals, but politically has no voice. The peasant farmers, dominated by clerical influence, hate Vienna because it is governed in part by Jews, and will not supply any provisions to the city. In the city itself profiteers and usurers from Galicia and Hungary buy up at fancy prices what provisions are smuggled in, and nothing is too dear for them.

"The formerly joyous Vienna, the 'city of song,' now lies sick. The citizen body that brought it to its flourishing estate now must emigrate. In the poesy-nurtured city, among the vine-clad hills of the Danube, there rules today the dull crowd of the proletariat and the unbridled arrogance of the mammon-worshiping profiteer. The Viennese proletariat is well-meaning, and, in great part, willing to work. But there is no work, because there is no material. If there is an element among the working classes which does not wish to work, it is small wonder. One who for long months has not tasted meat is lacking in energy. The small body of actual slackers could easily be compelled to work. There is only one help. Give us food and raw material, and then business will once more thrive and flourish in Vienna.

"Vienna, the most beautiful capital of Europe—acknowledged even by widely traveling Americans as without equal among the cities of the earth—let not Vienna go down to ruin. For the sake of the humanity for which you fought, put your world-renowned resourcefulness and energy at the service of the good work! But let help come quickly, for German Austria faces destruction."

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Literature

Canon Barnett

The Life of Canon Barnett. By Mrs. S. A. Barnett. Houghton Mifflin Company.

MRS. BARNETT'S life of Canon Barnett, while too meticulous for a classic, has the merits of its defects. If a work is vast enough, it can be meticulous as well. Ariosto has never bored the Italians. So one who likes to come leisurely down the stream of modern social changes, get the sense of periods, catch the color of events, and note the men and actions that count, will treasure this precious document. It is the record of an energetic human life lived in simplicity and greatness where it counted most. All the powers of Barnett's life, his mind, his will, his desires are united in his endeavor to bring to the East End of London the highest values of life, culture, self-respect, personal dignity, and an assured economic foothold—all of them associated in his mind with religion.

Essentially a practical man, he fought shy of dogmatism even in his humanities. He loved England, though he cared more for mankind. He was a socialist, but that word connoted for him no class domination either as means or end. Apropos of a debate in 1886, he writes: "I held that the limit of action is law; a man must try to get his view of right adopted and made law, but until then he must obey law. . . . A need of our time is a basis of authority. It is not in kings, in church, or in numbers. It is in the expressed will of a nation." If in the field of social and political philosophy Canon Barnett may be accused of being somewhat vague, it was not the vagueness of the impractical man, but rather the unwillingness to pigeonhole oneself that comes from humility—the conviction that social forces are vaster than our definitions and that it is better to be truthful than it is to be logical. "I find more and more reason to believe in Liberalism, not a party, that is, that holds a certain creed, but in the principle whose aim is the development of freedom." Willing to make solid advances one by one, he always wanted to make them within the framework of Christianity. He writes late in his life: "Are the things we complain of, the temper, the impatience, the beginning of a new conception of life? I expect it is, and happy are the young who are going into a storm such as has never been. But whatever is coming, it must be right to assert the supremacy of law over force."

The personal character of Barnett is delightfully portrayed as entirely humble, modest, with a humorous insight into the emptiness of most of what is called "dignity," a complete and righteous dislike of cant and "swank."

With this extraordinary mental equipment and energy, veiled by a dislike of any show of intellectualism, and with the constant stimulating companionship of his wife, he managed to build up against innumerable obstacles the great center in Whitechapel he named Toynbee Hall. This was an extension of his own personality, a center for outgoing and incoming ideas, and a hospitable hearth for the neighborhood and for all in London who were moved by the conviction that social contact is necessary for national duty. At Toynbee, university men, government officials, visitors from abroad, all came to Canon Barnett in association with the people of the East End.

Perhaps Barnett expected more from fellowship than can be expected. Yet he did not claim that the idea of the settlement, where all can meet in common fellowship to work out a gradually developing common purpose, is in itself a panacea, but rather that it is the prerequisite for panaceas, if there be such. "Friendship is the channel by which the knowledge, the joys, the faith, the hope which belong to one class may pass to all classes. It is distance that makes friendship between classes almost impossible."

If one compares the contributions to progress which emanated from the Barnetts with the quality and quantity of such work in other settlements, one must admit that a vast part of the present day program of settlements is carried on along the lines of Barnett's efforts, though too frequently with less leadership, distinction, and power. Yet there is a difference between Barnett's outlook and that of his successors in the settlement field. Although Barnett himself was a democrat, both from religious conviction and from personal preference, yet the major part of his work was the bringing to the poor the treasures of the rich—the conveyance of culture, opportunity, and privileged life of one group to another. It was philanthropy engaged in by a democrat. The fact is that the slums of East London were indeed largely composed of people who had sunk so low through drink and poverty and every misery that to have asked them, as the settlements of today are asking their neighbors, to organize themselves for the solution of their own difficulties would have been to expect the impossible. But with the greater opportunities for education, and the improvement in economic conditions with which the masses have been benefited during the last thirty years since Barnett's work was at its height, the emphasis of the settlement has shifted from the bringing of culture and life values to the impoverished, valuable and necessary as that still is, to the necessity of creating an organized and intelligent demand on the part of the "neighbors" to secure an adequate standard of living and a surer place of importance and power in every aspect of life.

Though a friend wrote that "The warden of Toynbee Hall is not a Head of an Educational Institute; he is a director of enthusiasm disciplined for the service of East London," Barnett primarily was an educator. He felt the hopelessness of a democracy that did not desire the best, yet "he affirmed that the best must be supplied before it could be demanded." He believed in nationalizing luxury. He understood fully the defects of the English educational system. He recommended compulsory education for workers from fourteen to sixteen. He helped to establish the Workers' Educational Association. "The chief thing of all is to give the workman an education which will enable him to be interested in the best things." He held that school vacations were too long both for pupils and teachers. He favored coeducation and the democratization of culture; the creation of a demand for it was his central task.

He was infinitely patient and got his power by plowing through one thing after another with thoroughness. "The secret is to do the next thing as if it were the only thing. Think of the ideal for refreshment only." He writes to a friend: "You see it is only by growth that any real good can come, so it is better to do what promotes growth rather than aim at the good." Yet while his work was conducted patiently, and while he readily adapted himself to change (his wife says that as soon as he was shown a more excellent way he immediately adopted it), still he sometimes had deep doubts whether Liberalism would stand the test. "Sometimes I wonder if anything less than fire can purge the world. I suppose, though, if some of us don't try, the fire will burn everything and there will be nothing to purge."

For politics he had distrust. A shrewd man himself, always able to make a success of any enterprise in which he was engaged, a reader of men's motives and desires, of Tory antecedents and Liberal convictions, he had the equipment for political leadership. But he saw beneath the bustle and importance of political life the social structure which needed a far more laborious and humble devotion. To a writer who asked him the most urgent requirement of East London, he answered "The development of imagination." He hoped for the growth of a new standard of social values. Speaking of the Irish situation he said, "With all the circumstances, if I were responsible here, I would shun politics; I would devote myself to local work, to developing better farming and local government." And he writes to another friend: "Sometimes I think our only hope is in a movement which will compel people to see that only truth and good matter. There is no leading man,

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politician or farmer, who so teaches. They all have some platform." He disliked Imperialism. "My doubt in Empire increases as I get older; small states are, it seems to me, more likely to develop great characters."

The springs of his marvellous, many-colored energy are to be found in his faith. He defined religion as "that faith in the Highest which is the impulse of human progress, man's spur to loving action, man's rest in the midst of sorrow, man's hope in death." He relates the idea of effort to the worship of the future. "What will be the worship of the future none can say. We only know that it will grow out of the effort of those who, in the present, strive to approach the highest. Such effort must take different forms." As his life drew to a close, the knowledge of the world and its history which he gained from travel, from reading, from association, from experience led him to synthesize his economics, his politics, and his religion. The core of the whole matter to him was making love operative in the world as the dominant force, and he came to the interesting conclusion that "The progress of the whole world depends on how Christianity is presented to the Chinese."

The chapters on Toynbee Hall that bring out the residents' relation to their Warden will be especially valuable for American settlements. "The first duty therefore of each resident will be to pursue some study which will lead him to think more clearly and to feel more deeply. His second duty will be to consider the other residents, subduing, if necessary, his own taste and temper so as to make the House pleasant and restful. His third duty will be every week to do something however small which will help the ignorant, the sad, or the sinning, remembering always that the true man is he that serveth."

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKHOVITCH

Italy and Her Allies

The Holocaust. By A. A. Pons. Robert M. McBride and Company.

Scenes from Italy's War. By G. M. Trevelyan. Houghton Mifflin Company.

My Italian Year. By Joseph Collins. Charles Scribner's Sons.

PEOPLE professed, during the war, to wish to understand their allies. At periodic intervals, and with ceremony, it was announced that an understanding had been already achieved. Since the war we have noted a little inadequacy in the simple pictures in primary colors—tricolors, as a rule—which used to pass muster, and have partially sobered to the task of estimating old nations and old aims in the light of a new era. It is sobriety, not abstinence: too many people have been seeing the world, some in body, some in spirit, some, possibly, in truth, for the clamor of impressions yet to subside. It is a democratic clamor in which the doughboy speaks as loudly as the diplomat. There are histories in every vein, from that of the author of Chevy Chase to that of Herbert Spencer; there are books of travel in every mood, from that of Marco Polo to that of Shackleton and his scientific colleagues.

Three recent books on Italy, written by representatives of three different nations, seem almost, in spirit, to belong to three different centuries. An Italian's view of Italy is presented by Miss A. A. Pons, through the medium of a translation somewhat too colloquial and lacking in distinction. Miss Pons is a prominent Italian, a scholar, and a woman of public affairs. Her book, "The Holocaust," was written during the war, while the world was thinking in a high key tuned to sacrifice and endurance. Its avowed purpose was to interpret to the Allies that Italy which was their new comrade-in-arms, to whose past century of suffering and rebirth they had, perhaps, given too little understanding. If its object was to arouse some of the passionate belief in the new Italy which was the legacy of Mazzini, it should succeed. It is the roster of Italy's martyrs in her nineteenth-century war of liberation, the Risorgimento. Brief and vivid, it is in the nature of a Homeric roll-call before battle, when the names of heroes are pronounced in high-sounding succession, colored, each one, by some magnificent attribute. These men are gigantic, thwarted by gigantic tyranny, winning through by gigantic endurance. In large language they defy Austria, whom, at the time this book was written, they had marched out again to conquer. About each hero Miss Pons gives, not a clear account of his life, but a clear account of what there was in him to make Italy proud. It is the impassioned patriot's refutation of the Kaiser's reputed jibe at "a nation of mandolin players."

If Miss Pons walks with the buskin of heroic centuries, Mr. Trevelyan is of the nineteenth, the century of Byron and Hewlett. A student and lover of Italy, already known for his writings on Garibaldi, he writes in the tradition of the beauty-loving Englishman who has always felt for young Italy with her old heritage both reverence and protection. Mr. Trevelyan went to Italy to help, like many of his countrymen before him. He saw the war through with a British Red Cross ambulance unit, among those mountain battlefields where some of its most dramatic scenes were set. "Scenes from Italy's War" is the narrative of his personal experiences, the heroism of one ally recounted in chivalrous terms by another.

The book is moving and, if one may use such a word of a war book, pleasant. The texture is smooth, the light even. Italy and her soldiers are shown in the beautiful illumination which comes from association under stress of high feeling. Mr. Trevelyan has a radiant appreciation of Italian courage and ability, Italian ambulance drivers, Italian cars, Italian roads and bridges and mules. He shows them the highest courtesy, discriminating praise. He touches off affectionately the Italian officers whom "it bored" to be "disobliging." He contributes a most sympathetic interpretation of the peasant soldier who was the backbone of the army and who, acted on by a variety of influences regarding which the onlookers are still uninstructed, made possible that most sensational disaster of the war, the retreat of Caporetto.

As France had in the war the romantic advantage of an unassailable motive, so Italy had that of a spectacular battlefield. The glamour of war evaporated early from the mud of Flanders. But popular imagination, relinquishing with disillusion the blaring trumpets and the waving crests of tradition, clung gallantly to what few shreds of panoply were left. Of these were battles in the air and the mountain warfare on the Italian front. Popular imagination meets no despoiler in Mr. Trevelyan. His words are such as fit naturally with those glimpses of beleaguered snow-fields and aerial railways vouchsafed us when the war news turned to Italy. Barbusse had no such story to tell, nor Guy Empey, nor even that Pollyanna of the trenches, Coningsby Dawson.

Dr. Collins also saw the war, from the rear post of duty at which the American Red Cross tried to fit its plumbing supplies and its hearty optimism to the needs of a country in the heat of the struggle. The head of the department of Medical Affairs writes in no tradition, unless it be the newly created one of the returning doughboy who saw the people on the other side with an innocence of the eye undiverted by any previous knowledge, and made up his mind what sort of folks they were. "My Italian Year" is a somewhat retouched series of letters, the piquantly frank, salty letters of a man who knows his own mind, writing to wide-awake people for whose prejudices he cares not a fig. He ends each chapter in the proper tone of an ally making a ceremonial speech in wartime. It is not his intention to disparage the Italians for whose—*etc., etc.*—he has the highest admiration. Nevertheless, the facts, as seen by a man who has a job to do among them, are these: Italians are imperturbably conceited. They talk a great deal. They have a lamentable amount of red tape. They have no sewers.

To the American, whose symbol of Italy has been some combination of Michelangelo and the immigrant who puts crimes of passion in the government statistics and coal in the bathtub,

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this viewpoint is not uninstructive. In the days when Americanization seemed a simple idea, we were swept with a flood of leaflets concerning a certain dark-eyed stranger at our gates, dreamy and passionate, vibrating with art and music and desire to learn American efficiency. Dr. Collins did not see this person. He saw a people surprisingly unexcitable, creating, as part of their daily life, small music and less art, but patient, industrious, and long suffering. His strictures, after all, are mostly against the upper classes. He, like Mr. Trevelyan, like every one who turns a thoughtful eye toward modern Italy, pays his tribute to the Italian peasant, that enduring, sweet-tempered toiler, Italy's substitute for machines, whose motto is "Pazienza."

The Sensation Novel and the Drama

Dickens, Reade, and Collins—Sensation Novelists. By Walter C. Phillips. Columbia University Press.

MORE than almost any other quality one has a right to expect accuracy in such a book as this. And yet the reviewer is obliged to note several inaccuracies. A wholly misleading account of so well known a story as "Oliver Twist" is given on pages 15-16. Oliver is not "tricked into returning to Fagin," but is seized by Nancy and carried off by Sikes. He is not kidnapped a second time, but after his second escape from the gang remains under the protection of his friends. Fagin does not go insane in prison; such a statement shows a curious misunderstanding of the terrible last chapter. It was not Cruikshank, but Seymour, who planned the series of sporting prints for which Dickens was invited to write the text, an invitation which, as all the world knows, led to the composition of the "Pickwick Papers." It is, perhaps, a reflection of recent events that the seducer of Thackeray's Catherine is called by Mr. Phillips a Prussian officer (p. 176). But it happens that Thackeray describes him in some detail as a Bavarian by birth and, at the time of the seduction, an officer in the English army. Catherine, moreover, does not merely plan to murder her husband, but actually does murder him; and in the original version of the story the horrible details of the crime were given in full from contemporary reports. It is not Mrs. Gaunt's glove but her portrait that is found in Father Leonard's room, and it is a curious fact that Mr. Phillips alters the text of Reade's novel to support his error. The servant who makes the discovery does not "squawk" (*sic*) "It's your own," but "It's yourself"—words which could hardly be applied to a glove. All these are, no doubt, matters of comparatively slight importance, but the first duty of a scholar is to be faithful in small things. Also, the book lacks an index, a lack particularly unfortunate in a work dealing with so many facts, names, and dates as this.

That the book contains a number of interesting and valuable facts, many of them elicited, it is plain, by painstaking research, the reviewer would be the last to deny. But the validity of the main thesis is another matter. Just what this thesis is does not at first appear. Perhaps the clearest and most satisfactory statement may be found in the closing summary (p. 219). "The dramatic novel," so Mr. Phillips calls it here, borrowing the term from the usage of Dickens and his friends, "was moulded by three influences chiefly—by the trade conditions resulting from the rise of the democratic audience, by the devotion of the group to the theatre and its methods, and by the tradition of terrorism in the English novel."

Something like one-half of Mr. Phillips's entire work is devoted to the discussion of the first factor, and at the end one can only say that he has not proved it. His argument seems to be that, with the vast increase of the reading public and the cheapening of publication which he demonstrates took place between 1832 and 1850, novelists were tempted, if not compelled, to resort to sensationalism to tickle the palates of their new democratic audience. But the audience grew even larger and the means of publication cheaper in the latter half of the century, in which it is a matter of common knowledge that the "sensationalists" were beaten clean out of the field by the new school of realistic and domestic fiction. And the methods of publication employed by some, not all, of the sensationalists—the issuing in parts and serially in magazines—left, on Mr. Phillips's own showing, less mark on the form and technique of the work of this school than might a priori have been expected.

What the "tradition of terrorism" means to Mr. Phillips may be seen in the first sentences on page 152, where he asserts the "derivation of the dramatic novel chiefly from tales about the Byronic hero," and again on page 220, where he states that this species is "the lineal descendant of Gothicism" (the eighteenth century "Gothic" romance) and the direct connection between the two is to be sought in the career of the picturesque ruffian who served as hero for Mrs. Radcliffe, Byron, and Bulwer-Lytton. To the reviewer it seems that the figure of the Byronic hero is altogether absent from the work of Dickens, Reade, and Collins. There are plenty of villains in the tales of Dickens—"scarecrow scoundrels," Saintsbury calls them: Monks, Ralph Nickleby, Quilp, Carker, and so on. Is it possible to recognize in these men any real likeness to the features of Childe Harold, Manfred, and Lara? The same holds good of the villains of Reade and Collins: Hardy, senior, Arthur Wardlaw, and Count Fosco. The Byronic hero may be a villain in the eyes of the moralist, but he is always a hero, a commanding figure, sympathetic in spite of his crimes, the protagonist of the tale in which he figures. The villains of the sensationalists are villains pure and simple, mean, cowardly, treacherous, repulsive. They are, in fact, the villains of melodrama, existing for the purpose of the intrigue which they set in motion against the hero, and destined from the beginning to be foiled, disgraced, and often hurried to a sudden or shameful end. The Byronic hero, whose earlier career Mr. Phillips traces with acumen, fades into extinction in the first romances of Bulwer-Lytton, not to reappear until the renascence of the romantic tale toward the end of the century.

The second of the influences pointed out by Mr. Phillips, "the devotion of the group to the theatre and its methods," is so far the most important in moulding the sensational, or (to give it its true name) the dramatic, novel that it overshadows all the others. Yet it is precisely this influence which Mr. Phillips neglects. He omits altogether that study of the popular Victorian drama which is wanted to explain the peculiar characteristics of this school of fiction. The omission seems unaccountable, for in his best and most interesting section, "The School of Dickens," the author shows more than once his realization of the connection between the work of the school and the acted drama. "Dickens," he says quite truly (p. 131), "insisted upon making the narrative work dramatically"; he cites Reade's characterization of Dickens (p. 113) as a "great dramatic novelist"; and he quotes at length from the preface of "Basil" (p. 136), where Collins asserts that "the novel and the play are twin sisters in the family of fiction." It happens that there is a special reason for the appearance of these dramatic methods in the work of Dickens and his school. The English drama at that time had at once reached its very nadir as a form of literature and had become for the first time since the days of Elizabeth a truly popular form of amusement. As the poetic and romantic drama waned and the cultivated classes withdrew more and more their patronage, the people packed the theatres, licensed and unlicensed, to laugh and cry and shudder at broad farce and sensational melodrama. The sort of entertainment that was provided for them has been admirably described by Dickens himself in a couple of papers in *Household Words*, "The Amusements of the People." Now the leaders of the dramatic school of fiction were far from scorning this popular drama. Dickens in early life planned a career as actor and playwright; Reade and Collins wrote from time to time, with more or less success, for the contemporary stage; but all three found in the immense expansion of the reading public and in

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the cheapening methods of publication the means of reaching an audience at once wider and more cultivated than that of the theatre. It is a significant fact that some of Reade's best known books, "Peg Woffington," "Hard Cash," "Never Too Late to Mend," and "Foul Play," are either "novelized" from plays, Reade's own or others, or founded upon contemporary melodrama, French or English. In short, the work of the school as a whole may perhaps be described as written rather than spoken drama, appealing indeed to a wider and higher audience, but preserving many of the characteristics of the popular play. Just what it preserved, what it omitted, what changes were forced upon it by the adoption of the novel form, how far this form itself was modified by the influences of the theatre, are topics that offer a fertile field for research.

The Younger Novelists

The Fortune. By Douglas Goldring. Scott and Seltzer.
Modern Lovers. By Viola Meynell. The Four Seas Company.
Polly Masson. By William H. Moore. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

M. ROMAIN ROLLAND'S commendation of "The Fortune" is unlike the majority of such commendations. It is thoroughly deserved and conscientiously phrased. The people, the speech, and the thoughts of the book do, indeed, all live, and Mr. Goldring has both a high talent and a free mind. He has, in addition, a very rich store of exact observation, a simple yet very telling way of rendering his material, and moments—as at the opening of the second part—of a natural and weighty eloquence. He is a born novelist. There is never, throughout his volume, that sense of merely literary strain, of verbal and intellectual torment, which at times marks the work of even the most brilliant of the younger British story-tellers. Mr. Goldring is affluent without being facile. He is not an essayist or satirist forced to write novels in order to be heard. We do not read him with admiring detachment but with warm absorption and are grateful to him for a story in which we can lose our troublesome selves. To perform that function for the crowd is easy; to perform it for those whose intellect censors the imagination and the emotions is the finest achievement of the novelist and constitutes his highest praise.

Mr. Goldring's chief concern is with his hero, Harold Firbank. But he has made him sensitive and impressionable, so that he could experience and take color from all the phases of life that make up modern England, and also intelligent, so that the man's ultimate reactions can always be the saving ones. Firbank comes of a middle-class family so frightened to death by its own moral nominalism that, sincerely striving to follow righteousness, it corrupts the whole of life. He proceeds to a public school where the ideals of "keenness" and "manliness" are supreme. But he meets here the saving spirit and intellectual conscience of his whole career, the Irishman James Murdoch. Next comes the Oxford of the Wilde-Dowson period, the period of esoteric reviews and Beardsley drawings and golden verses and artificial vine-leaves in one's hair. Here, too, Firbank yields and Murdoch resists. The latter returns to Ireland, while Firbank sets out on a two-years' experience as tutor in a Belgian family, whose moral unsavoriness causes him to react toward the life of his own country. He gains a modest success as a writer and marries a charming though slightly limited woman. Then the war breaks out. He is swept along by his whole environment, swallows the conventional myths, and does the correct thing. Even the stern aloofness and virile reasoning of Murdoch trouble him very little now. His mind had swiftly, like so many minds, become divided into two compartments. "In the one was stored his *Kultur;* the other was overflowing with military enthusiasm." Amid the filth and falsehood of actual warfare, however, his vision begins to clear. His mind, as so often before, recovers and corrects itself. He realizes the nature of the psychical mass pressure and the personal vanity which he had taken for the conclusions of his own mind and the stirrings of patriotism. He returns home wounded, witnesses the ghastly farce of the Tribunal for Objectors to which Murdoch, although not a resident of England, voluntarily submits himself, and is ordered to Ireland in the days of the Easter Rebellion and shot by a terrorized sergeant from among his own men who had overheard him express a human comprehension of the motives of the "rebel dogs."

It is not too much to say that of the several novels which have recently treated the war in a sane and human way "The Fortune" is the least argumentative and schematic, the richest in creative energy and in all those permanent elements of art that transcend even the most burning historic crises. It is primarily a human story and only secondarily a document. Its force and persuasiveness are heightened immensely by the characterization. This is masterly, not only as regards Harold Firbank and James Murdoch and Harold's wife and sister, but equally so in regard to many minor characters—the elder Firbank, the girl of Harold's first adventure, the masters and boys at Stannington school, the Oxford types, the Belgian lad and the Belgian abbé, the delightful Aunt Tessie and the magnificent Jessie Warburton. Here, to use the old phrase of Dryden's, is God's plenty. Thus Mr. Goldring unites the robust creative tradition of the older British novel with the more concentrated technique and the more vigilant intelligence of his own day.

Miss Viola Meynell's best gift is that of an ironic miniaturist. Her observation is immensely patient and exact; her expression is appropriately terse and dry. Her strokes are many and firm and often of a stinging truth. "She thought a great deal about her own relations with that strange mixture of rather rancorous envy and acute interest which belongs to a weak mind not sure of its own resentments." That is astonishingly true and well said. The trouble is that you cannot multiply such strokes in sufficient numbers to fill a book and that they cannot be used in dealing with the characters whom the author finds and desires us to believe admirable. Accordingly one carries away from the book a far sharper impression of Mr. and Mrs. Rutherglen, against whom the majority of these shafts are directed, than one does of their two beautiful daughters or of the far too gorgeous and wonderful Clive. What is most remarkable, on the other hand, is the firm skill and delicate vividness with which the characteristics of the elder Rutherglens are made to reappear in softened and less unlovely forms in Millicent and Effie. And there is no doubt, indeed, in regard to Miss Meynell's talent and the almost meticulous restraint and finish of her book. What one fears for a talent of this precise sort is its too early maturity, its coolness, the very perfection of workmanship on so small a scale and in a key of such thin modulation.

"Polly Masson" is a book of a much ruder kind. Read after "The Fortune" and "Modern Lovers," it impresses one as being colonial not only in the locality of its production. Mr. Moore has neither the creative energy of Mr. Goldring nor the faint glitter and sophistication of Miss Meynell. He is still in the grip of the old novelistic tradition of prose fiction. Hence his characters are a little wooden and a little spasmodic and he has felt it incumbent upon himself to knit a plot. But he has the sturdiest good sense and the most unclouded vision. His picture of Imperial politics as illustrated by the scheme for Imperial Federation, the sinister plot to isolate Quebec, the shuffling about of national destinies by small politicians in remote and dusty offices, is brave and convincing. We cannot recall a single political novel produced on our side of the Canadian frontier so clear-eyed and intellectually honest. What Mr. Moore needs is to brood a little more over his subject matter, to let it ripen longer and crystallize gradually and organically into the forms of art. It takes more than even good sense and clear vision to make a novel.

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Books in Brief

"THE WAR IN CARTOONS" (Dutton) is compiled by George J. Hecht, founder of the Bureau of Cartoons, Committee on Public Information. It contains one hundred cartoons by twenty-three American cartoonists, each cartoon being accompanied by explanatory or interpretative text after the fashion set by the Raemaekers books. The cartoons are representative of the work done for American newspapers during the war, and are for the most part well selected. Many of them are so pointed and tell the story with such admirable economy of means that the nagging bit of printed text seems superfluous. A rough chronology is followed in the order of the pictures from America's entrance into the war to the conclusion of the armistice. It is interesting to note in Mr. Hecht's selections how effectively the Bureau of Cartoons directed the work of our cartoonists into well-defined propagandist channels. The Government, recognizing the power of the cartoon to influence public sentiment, suggested through the Bureau subjects calculated to popularize the draft and stimulate enlistments, discourage pacifism, save food and fuel, and sell Liberty Bonds. One feels that so far as the cartoons selected are concerned no one dared raise a dissenting voice against any phase of our war activities. The cartoons reflect primarily the moral issues of the war. As the cartoonists are obsessed by the ideal of Uncle Sam as a crusading archangel delivering humanity from the menace of Imperialism, they take themselves so seriously as missionaries that we look in vain to them for a little humor. Ding, it seems, more than his fellows forgets the rubber-stamp poster rhetoric, and turns to occasional comic interludes. His cartoon, The Rats Are Beginning to Leave, is the funniest thing in the book.

DR. JOHN KELMAN, minister of St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh, recently called to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has published as "The War and Preaching" (Yale University Press) a volume containing his Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching delivered at the Yale School of Religion. Doubtless Dr. Kelman's sermons are better than his lectures upon preaching, as was true in the case of Phillips Brooks and other illustrious predecessors in the Beecher lectureship. The simple, direct style of the book is indeed gratifying, and very much less is said about war than about preaching. Yet as a whole the volume cannot fail to disappoint those who look to the churches for that timely wisdom which the common people would gladly welcome. There is nothing new in the book except a few war incidents. Nor does it sound a moral bugle note to a confused and desperate world. Ingenious biblical quotations and fanciful interpretations cannot conceal or atone for intellectual meagreness and lack of moral vision. True, Dr. Kelman extols idealism and sacrifice, but under his exegesis idealism and sacrifice fade into an indefinable and vague sentimentalism. He manages to identify battlefield blood with the sacrificial blood of Christ's sacrifice. He points out that the cross in the center of British battle-flags is the veritable cross of the suffering Jesus. He describes men who meet death in an attempt to kill their fellow men in battle as having the same spirit as the victim on Calvary's middle cross. Judging from the evangel of the latest Lyman Beecher lecturer, one must not expect too much leadership from ecclesiastical Christianity. As Theodore Parker once said, the orthodox theologians and preachers are like the traditional stupid old men trying to milk a dry heifer, while holding a sieve in which to catch the milk which does not come.

IT is almost a shock in these revolutionary days to find a writer quietly accepting any of our social institutions. Take the family, for instance: it is either attacked with the caustic humor of a Samuel Butler—whose happy man was a "born orphan"; or defended with the solemn exaltation of the anti-Bolshevik, haunted by his nightmares of women nationalized and innocent babies baptized only with a numeral. Rarely is family life taken for granted, with discriminating enjoyment of its comedy and its charm. This is the spirit of the little group of essays by Frances Lester Warner, entitled "Endicott and I" (Houghton Mifflin). "Endicott and I"—father and mother—conduct their family and their family orchestra successfully and satisfactorily. Symbolic of the family life, the orchestra plays with perfect harmony only at rare moments, but those moments are worth all the years of scratchy scales and discords. Any reader, radical or conservative, seeking a brief respite from continuous alarums and excursions, should go sketching with Endicott, an early Futurist; join in the family prayers—not always a solemn occasion; help Margaret retrieve the Airedale pup, which had a deceptively aged look and the easy gait of a zebra; tactfully contrive with Endicott's wife to keep his economies from being too disastrously expensive; or sit with the family before a driftwood fire and watch the rainbow in the flames. Best of all, perhaps, for his refreshment of spirit, let him observe Geoffrey trying to teach his mother—a hopelessly non-aquatic animal—to swim, and with her admire the faith that makes him spend entire bathing hours in alternately launching her and dredging for her, "with the morose persistence of a secretary of the navy."

THE problem of the authorship of the Middle English miracle plays has engaged the attention of scholars from the time of Warton to the present day. As the conditions under which mediæval literature was produced have become clearer, students have realized that the earlier theory of individual authorship of plays or cycles as they now exist must be greatly modified or perhaps abandoned. More and more has it been borne in upon us that hardly a piece of Middle English literature has come down untouched by the redactor's hand. Miss Marie C. Lyle in "The Original Identity of the York and Towneley Cycles" (University of Minnesota) has profited by the work of various students in various types of literature. She has studied the agreements and differences between the two cycles of Yorkshire plays and has proved beyond reasonable doubt that "at an earlier period the York cycle and the Towneley cycle were, as cycles, one and the same." No longer is it a question of the indebtedness of one cycle to the other, but of the general evolution of the two.

Drama

"Night Lodging"

WHENEVER the characters of tragedy dwell in their traditional isolation, the inner logic of the play must be sustained by ascribing their misfortunes wholly to their erring wills. But once that isolation is broken, once life comes streaming in, the cold ache of guilt yields to a brotherly community in suffering. Such is the secret of Gorki's technique and of his dramatic reasoning in "Night Lodging" (The Plymouth Theatre). The fierce, eternal little tragedy of love and jealousy in which Michael Ivanov and Vassilisa, Natasha, and Vaska are involved does not flare in the void. Nor do the characters who surround them serve either as background or as mere choric witnesses. The coil of life is one. Gorki might have written another play about the same people and have shifted the main emphasis upon the richly indicated tragic experiences of others among them. And we are, indeed, made fully aware of the Actor's life and doom and can build up imaginatively the entire fabric of all these other lives. There are no subsidiary characters in this drama, as there are none in reality. Each soul is of supreme import to itself, and in that dim night lodging as on a larger and less shadowy scene these different selves struggle for some realization of their yearnings both in the world of things and in the minds of their fellows. Nastia

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and the Baron cry out in bitter pain against the unbelief that meets their romantic stories. But it is not these stories in themselves that they are concerned for; it is the communication to others of the realities of their inner lives. For only so can they mitigate the anguish of their futility and their loneliness. It was his intimate perception of such facts that led Gorki to break the traditional dramaturgic pattern. Each man is the protagonist of his own drama, and that drama, in such a world as the present, is commonly a tragic one. There is in life no such person as a "first citizen" or a "second gentleman" whose function ends when he has listened to a hero's speech. The men and women in "Night Lodging" have and sustain an intimate vision of the course of the central tragedy. But ever the cries of their own hearts break forth and silence the voices of the passions that contend around them. Individual dramas detach themselves from the general rumor of life and sink back into it. But that rumor is itself made up of an hundred dramas and we need but listen a little more steadily here and there to catch the tragic accents of each one. Hence it is clear that the flowing and wavering technique of this play is not due—as we have been and shall be glibly told—to a neglect of right craftsmanship or to unfamiliarity with the theatre, but to a closer and a juster vision of human life.

Together with the tradition of the psychical isolation of a tragic action, Gorki also abandons that of its pseudo-nobility. His people are the outcasts, the rejected and disinherited of the old Russian order. They drink and brawl and jeer. But they also sing and yearn. From all their follies and futilities, lifted above their degradation and their woe, rises the voice of their hope "for something better." Only the landlord and policeman are content, though even their satisfaction in a little power and brief authority is touched by the ferocity that springs from fear. The others, out of these lowest depths, are still striving and, like the Actor, make their final exit only when all striving seems quite vain. And they speak of the desirable not as a state of power and possession but as a state of freedom, and of human life not as of something finished and rigid but as of something that man may somehow understand and master and guide. It is the old wanderer Luka who has come very near to solving that mystery. He believes them all, because he sees beyond the words to the passions of their speech. He understands them, because his compassion has transcended all the common categories of moral judgment. He returns again and again to the wonder and strangeness, the terror and the tragic beauty of the merely human. "To be a human being—do you know what that is?" To know that fully is the deepest and the most healing wisdom. Luka is the voice of that new spirit which Russia has brought into the modern world. We hear it in Dostoevski as we hear it in Gorki. It can give beauty and reality to words that would sound mawkish on other lips. It has cast aside the moral values which sustain the members of a merely economic or political hierarchy in their self-esteem and their several stations and has sought man in his simple humanity, having nothing but the glow of his passions, the pain of his heart, the aspiration of his mind. And it is this spirit that makes "Night Lodging" a play of such consoling and, if rightly looked upon, of such cheering power. Many spectators, including the best-known reviewer on our daily press, have found it unbearably gloomy. They see the shadows on the damp walls, the dusty sunlight struggling through the dim window-panes, the Tartar's broken arm, the vodka glasses, the poverty, the sin. They miss prosperity and bright raiment and easy falsehoods and fortunate love. They do not hear the faint music of that more human world toward which we are travelling, toward which even these outcasts had set their still unseeing faces—that world which shall hold all men in freedom, in which there will be left no spot to which any can be cast out.

We owe this production, as we owed that of Tolstoi's "Redemption" to Mr. Arthur Hopkins. The mere statement constitutes, in the present condition of our commercial stage, a measure of praise and gratitude to which nothing need be added. Nor did Mr. Hopkins stop at selecting the play. He strove to understand it. An unfamiliar dramatic rhythm had to be expressed. The pulsing of many lives had to be indicated, the parallel but never coincident throb of many passions, the rise and submergence of the more vivid central action. All that has been more than adequately achieved. Only in the final act is one magnificent moment—the outburst of Satin—permitted to predominate a little too emphatically, and one suspects a touch of weariness on the manager's part, a slight impatience after the disappearance of Vaska from the scene. But this is a very minor blemish. The players, accustomed to the false and the flashy, literally surpass themselves. Mr. Alan Dinehart's performance is far from being the most distinguished. But when one recalls him as the singing waiter in an ephemeral farce and then sees him here, pale, troubled, brooding, impassioned, rising to true spiritual expressiveness, one is confirmed in an old suspicion that it is not the actors who dictate the impossible selections of our stage. Miss Gilda Varesi as Vassilisa is, as she should be, acrid and turbulent. But she does not fail to sound the illuminating and eloquent note of helplessness in the face of her own strong passion. Miss Pauline Lord, whose admirable art is seen far too rarely, has the grace of a wild abandon as Nastia. She beats against the invisible bars of her cage and we share the ache of her wounded heart and hands. Mr. Edward G. Robinson as Satin sulks and smoulders until the word of liberation comes to him and then rises to his great moment with a fervor not less convincing for its almost lyrical touch. The Actor of Mr. Edwin Nicander is wan and subtle, broken, strangely humorous and pathetic; the Luka of Mr. M. H. Thompson is perfect in the grace of kindliness, natural wisdom, and unborrowed dignity. Thus sound art liberates the actor no less than the spectator, and truth and humanity find and restore us to our deeper selves.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Music

The Metropolitan

THE death of Cleofonte Campanini will be as great a loss to New York as to Chicago, for Campanini was the only operatic link between the progressive musical thought of this country and that of Europe. To his vision, as much as to Oscar Hammerstein's courage, opera in America owes its emancipation. When the Manhattan opened, Strauss and Puccini were the "futurists" of the Metropolitan's world, Gounod and Bizet were representing France, and Tschaikowsky, Russia. As for Debussy and Charpentier, Mussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, they were unknown quantities to Metropolitan audiences, so that the production of "Pelléas et Melisande" and "Louise" not only marked a new era in American opera, but advanced our musical understanding at least a decade. It was undoubtedly "Pelléas" at the Manhattan that blazed the trail for "Boris Godunov" at the Metropolitan, just as it was "Boris" that paved the way for "Prince Igor," "Coq d'Or," and the Russian ballet; and their glories have not only revealed new vistas of aural and ocular enchantment, but have broken forever the hypnotic power which German and Italian names used to have over all of us.

Even this brief contact with the French and Russian nationalists was sufficient to teach us that music is "infinitely various in its beauty," and is as truly music in Mussorgsky as in Wagner, in Debussy as in Verdi. The war has merely served to deepen this knowledge and clear our perspective. What at first seemed a calamity has proved to be an advantage. Denied German music, we were forced to widen our acquaintance with the composers of other nationalities; whereupon we learned to

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our surprise that nothing new in opera had been said in Germany since Richard Wagner, that Strauss and Schrecker were only imitators and decadents, while Debussy and Charpentier, Ravel and Dukas in France, and Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, and Stravinsky in Russia were the real exponents of present day operatic ideals.

And so those who have been steeping themselves in the vivid colors and subtle nuances of a "Boris" or a "Pelléas," or in the delicious satire and rich fantasy of a "Coq d'Or," can find at best but a certain historical interest in the thin scores, tinkling melodies, and melodramatic absurdities of the old Italian school. Campanini evidently realized this, for he sprinkled his repertoire liberally with modern works, especially with those in the French idiom. He not only introduced to us Debussy, Charpentier, Saint-Saëns, and Massenet, but also planned for this year Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole," Erlanger's "Aphrodite," and Messager's "Veronique." He was the first to discover Wolf-Ferrari, while this season will witness a new Italian production in Montemezzi's "La Nave," and a new American one in Reginald de Koven's "Rip Van Winkle," which is based on American folk tunes. Prokofieff's "Love of the Three Oranges" was also to have been produced, but unfortunately it has been pronounced "impossible" by the Chicago company's new conductor, Marinuzzi, so that all curiosity as to futuristic Russian opera must remain unsatisfied until we have conductors more willing to let us hear from the nation out of which much of the great art of the next decade promises to come.

All these innovations by Campanini have been adopted slowly and reluctantly by the Metropolitan. Unwillingly enough, it has taken into its regular repertory "Samson and Delilah" and "Thais." These, with Mussorgsky's "Boris," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or," Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," and Puccini's "Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelico," and "Gianni Schichi" are the only "new" operas that have lasted beyond one season, with the exception of Cadman's "Shanewis," no longer billed. Now that German opera is taboo, Verdi and Puccini rule supreme. Outside of these, the Metropolitan seems to be concerned mainly with the resuscitation of long-buried skeletons by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Weber, apparently laboring under the belief that operas, like wine, should be aged before using. Moreover, by cutting down the number of rehearsals as well as the number of high class artists, the management has been able to deck out these same skeletons very handsomely and at the same time reduce expenses. The result has been economy, not art in any important sense.

But more than this, to force upon us such an opera buffa as "L'Italiana in Algeri" is an insult to the intelligence. To revive Tschaikowsky's twenty-year old "Eugen Onegin," which has little to recommend it but a waltz and one other air, when Rimsky-Korsakoff's ravishingly lovely "Snegourotchka" has never been heard in this country! As for Albert Wolff's "L'Oiseau Bleu," based on Maeterlinck's play of that name, it has no very arresting qualities. One hearing leaves no great desire to hear it again. The scenery by Boris Anisfeld, with its Bakst coloring, is its best feature. Neither the stage direction nor the lighting is particularly good, the vocal part is too declamatory to linger in the memory, the burden borne by the orchestra is pretty but not significant. One does not feel that perfect marriage between the text and the music that one does in "Pelléas et Mélisande." Certainly it does not enrich one's musical experience, and whether it will prove to be a "blue bird" of happiness to either the public, the composer, or the management, remains to be seen. After all, one has reason to question the wisdom and judgment of an organization which denies us so much that is good and gives us so much that is doubtful. With such a reactionary policy at the Metropolitan, brilliant though of course the achievements of the Metropolitan have been in very many ways, and Campanini's successor as yet unknown, our operatic future is a matter to worry any but the most confident of the music-lovers of the country.

H. S.

The Practical Book *of* Interior Decoration

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International Relations Section

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The Baltic Tragedy

By WILLIAM W. DAMBIT

THE invasion of Latvia by the Russo-German forces naturally raised the question of responsibility for that tragedy. A superficial view of events would give the impression that the Allies were in no way responsible, but a more thorough analysis of recent political events in the Baltic states will prove the opposite.

The two Baltic states of Latvia and Esthonia laid the foundations of their political independence immediately after the German revolution, which broke for a time the rule of the Prussian generals and Baltic barons in that section of the Baltic provinces. In Esthonia the Constituent Assembly, which is still in session, convened in April, 1919. The new state, with Esthonians comprising the vast majority of its population, was formed in the main from the old Russian province of Esthonia, and from North Livland, the whole comprising 17,767 square miles of territory, and having a population of a little less than 1,500,000 people.

The independence of Latvia was declared in Riga on November 18, 1918, by the Lettish parties of Livland and Courland. A provisional legislative body, or National Council, composed of delegates from all the parties which participated in the act of declaration, was organized, and it formed the first Lettish Ministry, with K. Ulman, a member of the Farmers' Union, as Premier. The main feature of the political platform of the National Council was the speedy convocation of a constituent assembly elected on the basis of proportional representation and universal, direct, and equal suffrage. The state of Latvia, consolidated according to the national majorities of the Letts, includes South Livland, Courland, and Latgal (the Lettish portion of the province of Vitebsk), comprising together 24,442 square miles, with a population of more than two and a half millions. The complete consolidation of the state was not accomplished until lately.

Soon after the declaration of independence a soviet revolution broke out in Latvia. The main social basis of that movement was the preponderantly proletarian character of the country, particularly of Livland and Courland, where the city and land proletariat constitute together a considerable majority of the whole population. The leading political factor in the revolution was the Communist party of Latvia, which had not participated in the declaration of independence, or in the formation of the National Council. A Communist army, supported by local revolutions of the city and land proletariat, occupied during December and January, Latgal, Livland, and four-fifths of Courland. Local soviets were organized everywhere, while a Congress of Soviets convened in Riga and proclaimed Latvia an independent Soviet Republic. The proclamation expressed the will of a large majority of the people, since it was supported by the proletariat. In a short time the Soviet Government decreed the nationalization of the land, the railways, and the large industrial and commercial establishments, placing them under the control of the workers.

The Provisional Government, chiefly representative of the city bourgeoisie and the land-owning peasantry, transferred its seat to Libau and started war against the Soviets. But the Provisional Government, distrusted and opposed by the proletariat, could not mobilize sufficient forces for a successful offensive against the new Soviet Republic. The Government had to raise a volunteer army, for which it even hired foreign soldiers in Sweden and Denmark. It did not refuse the military help of the counter-revolutionary Baltic nobility; it applied for assistance to the Allies, and attempted to enter into an agreement with the German authorities regarding participation of the army of occupation and of German volunteers in the war against the Soviets, promising the participants citizenship and land.

At the same time the Baltic-German nobility, on the pretext of fighting Lettish Bolshevism, organized its own armed force, the so-called *Landwehr*, in which were enlisted students, the sons of the reactionaries, and various adventurous elements. The ulterior motive for the creation of the *Landwehr* was the desire of the nobility to regain its privileges, which would have been menaced by a democratically elected constituent assembly and which were destroyed by the decrees of the Soviet Government. Until recently the Baltic-German barons had been for centuries the political rulers, oppressors, persecutors, and greedy exploiters of the Lettish and Esthonian populations. Of 7,439,000 *desyatins* of land in the three Baltic provinces, the nobility, constituting hardly 1 per cent. of the population, owned 45.7 per cent., while the peasants held only 33.4 per cent.

For the realization of its reactionary plans the nobility counted upon the German army of occupation under von der Goltz, left in Courland and Livland under the terms of the Allied armistice with Germany as a bulwark against an eventual soviet revolution. Encouraged by the *Landwehr* and by the presence of the army of occupation, the Baltic junkers conspired against Latvia. On February 19, 1919, the Provisional Government at Libau seized on a Swedish steamer documents revealing a political conspiracy of the nobility for an overthrow of the Provisional Government. Von der Goltz forbade the arrest and prosecution of the ringleader of that plot, the *Landmarshall* von Stryck. At that time it was already evident that the German junker von der Goltz supported the aspirations of the Baltic junkers. A couple of months later they carried out a real *coup d'état*. On April 14-16 the *Landwehr* and a detachment of the army of occupation, disarming Lettish guards, soldiers, and officers in Libau, and arresting some of the Ministers, deposed the Provisional Government. The other Ministers managed to escape. The reactionary forces, in coöperation with a handful of Lettish conservatives, the opponents of the National Council, then formed a new Government, with the reactionary Lettish priest, A. Needra, as Premier. The new Ministry included only representatives of the Lettish reactionaries and the Baltic barons. On April 24 the Allies sent to the German Government a comparatively mild note asking that the Provisional Government be reëstablished. They received the reply that neith-

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er the German Government nor the army of occupation had taken part in the *coup d'état* and that the German Government did not wish to interfere in the internal affairs of Latvia. In a second note on May 4 the Allies set forth the necessity of recalling von der Goltz from his duties and of changing the name of the army of occupation to "auxiliary German forces." It was characteristic that while demanding a meaningless change in designation, the Allies did not demand the withdrawal of the army of occupation, which by that time had shown itself to be a constant menace to Latvia. The Allied diplomats wished to retain the German forces for a while longer in Courland to assist the Baltic junkers in the task of annihilating the Soviets of Latvia, which could not be successfully overcome by the weak forces of the deposed Provisional Government. In May the *Landwehr*, the army of occupation, and some Lettish detachments resumed a united offensive against the Soviet forces, which still held in their possession Livland, Latgal, and a considerable part of Courland. On May 22 the combined anti-Soviet forces captured Riga, and in a short time the Communist army had to abandon Courland and Livland. It held until lately, however, a part of Latgal. In Riga, von der Goltz was proclaimed military dictator, and hundreds of Communists and even non-Socialists, among them the People's Commissars who could not escape, were shot without trial. Armed bands of the *Landwehr* established in the country districts a régime of murder, plunder, and violence. The German army of occupation had accomplished the purpose for which the Allies had allowed it to remain in the Baltic region, the destruction of the workers' republic.

But the Baltic-German reactionaries were not satisfied with this. The crushing of the Soviet power opened the way for an attempt to subjugate the Baltic states completely. The Government of Premier Needra declared war on Esthonia. The *Landwehr* and the troops of von der Goltz invaded Livland, proceeding to Esthonia; but the united forces of Esthonia and of a Lettish army in North Livland defeated the invaders and drove them out of Livland. In accordance with the terms of an armistice concluded between the two states and the Germans, the *Landwehr* and the troops of von der Goltz were withdrawn to Courland. The Provisional Government was reëstablished, and on July 16 the National Council assembled in Riga. In the reorganized Ministry were included, as the result of pressure from the Allies upon the Provisional Government, two representatives of the Baltic-German nobility. This compromise strengthened certain anti-democratic tendencies in the Provisional Government and had disastrous consequences for the safety of the country, as the presence of the junkers in the Ministry handicapped considerably its activities against the threatening new invasion from the hostile forces in Courland.

By the terms of the armistice between Latvia and von der Goltz the German military authorities promised to withdraw the army of occupation from Courland. The promise was not carried out, mainly because the Allies did not take any decisive steps to effect the withdrawal of the division. Therefore, the Baltic junkers did not feel at all discouraged after their defeat in Livland, but proceeded with their preparations for a new assault upon Latvia. They were now joined by the Russian counter-revolutionaries, who in behalf of Kolchak, recruited in Courland an army composed of Russian prisoners, German soldiers, and adventurers. Following a secret order of von der Goltz a number of the soldiers and officers of his division also entered the ranks of the Russian reactionary troops. According to numerous reports in German and Lettish newspapers, the German reactionaries, and even some military officers and authorities of Germany, favored and supported these warlike preparations. It was evident that the German imperialists, conjointly with a monarchist military clique in Germany, had planned to take advantage of the Kolchakist movement, in order to bring the Baltic states under German rule, to exploit them economically, and to use them as a base of operations against Soviet Russia, with the object of joining hands with monarchist Russia and of strengthening monarchist tendencies in Germany.

The Letts apprehended a new invasion, and they knew its object. They were aware that neither Kolchak nor Denikin had recognized in his program the independence of the border states of the former Russian Empire. Urged by the impending danger, the National Council of Latvia issued an appeal to the Allied nations, describing the situation, and asking for aid against the reactionary Russo-German forces.

What was the attitude of the Allied Governments toward the military preparations in Courland? They had instituted the Kolchakist psuedo-Government of Northwest Russia, influenced the Finns, Esthonians, Letts, and Lithuanians to join Judenich in his campaign, and turned Esthonia into a base for his military operations. But the Kolchakist military preparations in Courland were only a part of the Judenich enterprise. Enlistments in the Russo-German army of Courland were made in the name of the Northwest Russian Government. The well-known commanders of that army, von Liewen, von Keller, and the bandit chief, Avalov-Bermond, were appointed by Judenich. The detachment of von Liewen, assembled on the soil of Courland, was transported on British ships to Reval in Esthonia, to join the forces of Judenich. In view of these facts it is evident that the military preparations in Courland were carried out with at least the tacit consent of the representatives of the Allied Governments. Not that they contemplated the subjugation of the Baltic states to German rule; the Allied imperialists were anxious themselves to dominate the Baltic states in order to exploit their natural resources and to have a preferential use of the Baltic seaports (Libau, Vindau, Riga, Reval) as the best centres of sea trade between England, France, and Russia. The representatives of the Allied Governments assented to the concentration of the German-Kolchakist troops in Courland simply because they wished to furnish the anti-Soviet forces with additional troops. Thus the Allies, by their policy of intervention, endangered the very existence of the new Baltic states, and the danger materialized in a bloody invasion of one of those states, when, on October 8, Riga was attacked by the troops of von Keller and Avalov-Bermond. The Letts courageously repelled the onslaught, but the retreat of the bandit troops was accompanied by burning, murder, and pillage. The responsibility for these outrages lies at the door of the Allies, for it was their anti-Soviet policy which allowed the army of occupation to be left in Latvia, and made it possible for reactionary troops hostile to the Baltic states to be assembled in Courland. The responsibility of the Allied Governments for the outrages committed in Courland is not minimized by the fact that at last, after repeated appeals from the Provisional Government, they forced the recall of von der Goltz and his division. Even this step they took not for the sake of the Baltic provinces, but because the greedy aspirations of the German imperialist clique had at last awakened them to

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the fact that the Germans might deprive them of the opportunity to exploit those provinces and dominate them economically.

The history of the recent peace negotiations between the Baltic states and Soviet Russia supplies new evidence to the effect that the Allied Governments have not been concerned with the peaceful development and safety of those states. During the first part of September, Chicherin, the Russian Peoples' Commissar for Foreign Affairs, made peace proposals to Esthonia, Finland, Latvia, and Lithuania. The Esthonian and Lettish newspapers, except those of the extreme Right, almost unanimously expressed themselves in favor of peace negotiations. They argued that a victory of Kolchak or Denikin over Soviet Russia would imply the end of the independence of the Baltic states. This attitude toward the Kolchakist movement, an attitude already illustrated in the appeal of the National Council of Latvia, exposed the hypocrisy of those who have heralded Kolchak and Denikin as the hope of democracy in Russia.

In addition to the menace from the reactionaries there were other reasons for the pacific tendencies of the Baltic states. They were quite exhausted by the war; almost on the verge of economic ruin. Latvia could deal successfully with the threatening new invasion only when, by conclusion of peace with the Soviet Government, its armed forces could be withdrawn from the Bolshevist front. The working classes of Esthonia and Latvia were extremely dissatisfied with the war against Soviet Russia, while the non-Bolshevist Socialist parties of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, at their conference on September 15-18, adopted a resolution urging their Governments "to accept the peace offer made by Soviet Russia and to do everything in order to arrive at a peace which would safeguard the independence, safety, and peaceful development of the aforesaid states."

The Esthonian Constituent Assembly, by a favorable decision on September 12, took the initiative in opening peace negotiations. Esthonian peace delegates were appointed, and a conference between them and the Soviet peace-plenipotentiaries (Litvinov, Krasin, and others) took place on September 17 at Pskov. After a day's discussion it was discontinued by the Esthonian delegates, who explained their action as prompted by unwillingness to conclude peace without the other Baltic states. A conference of the Governments of Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland, on September 28-October 1, agreed not to enter into separate peace parleys with Soviet Russia, and decided to call, after an interval of several weeks, a special commission for the working out of the terms of preliminary peace negotiations.

The reasons for the rupture of the first peace negotiations are doubtful. The Baltic states, not counting Finland, urgently needed peace, and they could in a short time have agreed to concerted action. A question arises whether there was not some outside interference with the negotiations. One finds inferences to that effect in the Baltic daily press; for instance, in the Esthonian newspapers, *Postimees*, *Päwaleht*, and *Waba Maa*, where the secret is revealed that the Baltic states must not and cannot make peace without the consent of the "Powers of Western Europe," that is to say, of England and France. In point of fact, the small Baltic states have so far been quite dependent economically and politically upon the mercy of the powerful Allied Governments, and if the latter had not wished peace between the Baltic states and Soviet Russia, they could doubtless have effected a rupture of the peace parley initiated by Chicherin. A speedy peace of this kind would have endangered the anti-Soviet policy of the Allies. It would have deprived Judenich of the support of Esthonians, and of the use of Esthonian territory as his main base of operations, placing his campaign in a precarious position and rendering the whole anti-Bolshevist enterprise of the Allied imperialists in the Baltic region quite ridiculous before the eyes of the world. The Allies probably intrigued to bring about the failure of the peace parley in order to give Judenich the chance to start his last abortive drive against Petrograd.

The latest events in the Baltic region corroborate this view. As soon as Judenich was driven by the Soviet army from Russian soil into Esthonia, he became a warrior without territory or people, and his campaign was hopelessly lost. The disastrous defeat suffered by Judenich seems to have shattered forever the hopes of the Allied interventionists to crush Soviet Russia on the Baltic front. However, the recent news from the second peace preliminaries, started in November at Dorpat, would indicate that the disappointed statesmen of the Allies are again at work attempting to break up the parley or at least to delay the final conclusion of peace between Soviet Russia and the Baltic states. If those states finally conclude peace it will be forced upon them by the intolerable state of affairs, against the will of the Allies.* In any event, further bloodshed on the Baltic-Russian front and the resultant devastation of the almost ruined Baltic states will have to be attributed to the reactionary policy of the Allies. Soviet Russia and the Baltic states need and sincerely long for peace. Only a complete abandonment of this disastrous policy will give the Baltic peoples a fair chance to recuperate after the devastation of their countries and to settle their internal affairs.

Labor's Progress in Great Britain

London, December 12

THE Government's great spell-binding campaign is proving a fiasco. When the scheme was announced a few weeks ago, it was sharply criticized as a most undesirable innovation. That, while Parliament was still in session, Ministers should absent themselves from their duties in the House in order to stump the country on behalf of their policies was naturally regarded by old-fashioned people as setting a mischievous precedent. But the experiment is scarcely likely to be tried again. One after another, Ministers have had to face hostile or disorderly audiences. Lord Birkenhead had the first taste of popular disapproval. (What, by the way, would have been said in a previous generation if a Lord High Chancellor had had so little sense of the dignity of his office as to expose himself to being heckled by a crowd in the East End?) His unpleasant experience has since been shared, in widely various parts of the country, by Walter Long, Sir Robert Horne, and Cecil Harmsworth. The Prime Minister himself evaded such a fate by delivering his Manchester speech not at a public meeting, but at a club luncheon.

If he thus escaped criticism at the moment, he has not been immune from it since. Over against his defense at Manchester of the *coup d'état* by which he gained the

* A preliminary armistice between Esthonia and Soviet Russia went into effect on January 3.

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Premiership is set the quite different account of the situation he gave to the House of Commons in December, 1917. At Manchester the other day he said that when he took office—in consequence of his belief that more strenuous efforts were needed—Russia had collapsed, France was exhausted, and there was a risk that the cause of the Allies would be lost. But in his earlier House of Commons' speech he had said that, at the time specified, there was a well-equipped and powerful Russian army pressing on the East and a well-equipped British and French army pressing on the West, and there was therefore a natural expectation that the Allies would be able to bring such pressure to bear upon the Prussian army as to defeat it decisively. The Prime Minister is assisted by an able and diligent secretariat, but there seems to be a vacant place on its staff for a whole-time clerk who would devote himself to the indexing and codifying of his employer's previous utterances.

The Trades Union Congress has always been regarded as a rather conservative body. It is largely composed of union officials, who take the normal official attitude toward the aspirations of younger and more adventurous spirits. But when the Congress discussed the Russian situation on Wednesday, an observer might have thought he had strayed into an Independent Labor party demonstration by mistake. Not only did it demand, without a single dissentient vote, the raising of the blockade of Russia and the immediate opening of negotiations with the Soviet Government, but its temper was so hostile to any apologist for the Kolchak and Denikin party that only the firmness of the chairman could secure a hearing for Colonel John Ward. A strong element in the Congress went further than the demand for non-intervention, and showed unmistakably its sympathy for the Bolsheviki. Loud applause greeted the assertion of Robert Williams, the transport workers' leader, that there were thousands of British engineers who, if they had to choose, would rather produce munitions for the Soviet Government than for Denikin, and his expression of a belief that the day would come when Lenin and Trotzky would be as welcome in the streets of London as Botha and Smuts were a few years after the Boer War.

The Congress was a disappointment to those economists who have been hoping that labor was beginning to wake up to the bearing of the currency problem upon the rise in prices. It adopted an elaborate and advanced anti-profiteering program and pressed for a capital levy and the nationalization of banking, but it had nothing to say on the effect of the lavish issue of paper money upon the cost of living.

The *Daily Herald* was started on March 31, under George Lansbury's editorship, to do something to improve the imperfect representation of the labor movement in the press. From a statement submitted to the Congress it appears that, as certified by a professional accountant, the average daily net sale by the beginning of November was nearly 300,000 copies. It is now stated to exceed 320,000. The newspaper had passed the quarter of a million mark just before the railway strike. At that time it was losing £2,000 a week, but since then, owing to increases in circulation and advertisements, the weekly loss has fallen to £1,400. No interest above half of one per cent. can be paid to shareholders of the company, and any profits over and above the debenture interest must be spent on behalf of the labor movement. The *Daily Herald* has already done great service by its persistent criticism of the Russian adventure, its exposure of the secret circular as to the use of the army against trade unions, its propaganda in connection with the municipal and bye-elections, and its presentation of the case of the workers during the railway and other strikes. Its promoters have good reason for contending that the financing of a labor daily will, in the long run, save trade union funds that would otherwise have to be expended in forcing union demands against a hostile public opinion.

The West End suffered a severe shock one morning last week when it suddenly discovered that it could buy nothing at the Army and Navy Stores. Nearly 3,700 members of the staff, mainly shop assistants, had gone out on strike, partly for higher wages and partly for better conditions of service. The directors are rear admirals, brigadier generals, colonels, and such, with the usual autocratic attitude of military and naval officers toward their subordinates and the mere civilian. They refused at first to give any information about the strike to the press, on the ground that the business of the society was no concern of the public. But it is now too late in the day for that sort of thing. When it came out that employees were being sweated to provide a 350 per cent. dividend, support came to the strikers from unexpected quarters. The *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* offered to open a strike fund and head it with a subscription of £10,000, and the *Times*, risking a charge of Bolshevism, went so far as to suggest that in the Stock Exchange list a distinguishing mark should be appended to the name of every British company paying a standard of wages not disproportionate to its dividends. The directors had to give in within a few days. An unusual feature of the settlement is the provision that the employees are to receive payment for the period during which they were on strike. Hitherto the organization of "black-coated" workers has been one of the most difficult problems of trade unionism, but this success has given a great fillip to the movement, and new members are now joining the Shop Assistants' Union at the rate of 1,500 a week.

Lord Rosebery is sometimes spoken of as an extinct volcano, but he seems to be still capable of an occasional eruption. Just now he is in a state of high indignation because the Ministry of Munitions has advertised for sale 178 acres of land at Turnhouse. "The land happens to belong to me," writes his lordship, "and not, so far as I am aware, to the Ministry of Munitions. I shall be glad to be told the reason for this strange and lawless procedure." Accordingly, an official of the Ministry has to give this ex-Premier some elementary information about the powers of the mysterious "Dora." This farm land, it appears, was commandeered under the Defense of the Realm Act, that an aerodrome might be built on it. It is no longer needed for war purposes, but in such cases the Government has the right to reimburse itself for the money it has laid out on the erection of expensive, but now useless, buildings by acquiring the whole property—with compensation, of course, to the private owner—and then selling it. The advertisement was inserted in order to discover whether there was a market for the property, and therefore whether it would be worth while for the Government to acquire the land. If the response is unfavorable, it will scrap or sell the buildings and hand back the land to Lord Rosebery. Now the complainant in this case is himself a member of the Legislature, and therefore partly responsible for the enactment of "Dora." He is not the only man willing to impose limitations on the rights of others who begins to cry out as soon as they press inconveniently upon himself.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

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Foreign Press

The Yankees in Siberia

IN "The Press and the Siberian Situation," published in the International Relations Section of November 8, reference was made to the general public indignation in Vladivostok over the suppression, by order of the American Command, of the liberal newspaper *Golos Primorya* for its publication of an article dealing with the behavior of Americans in Siberia. We reprint below the article over which the controversy arose. It is entitled The Yankees, and appeared in *Golos Primorya* (Vladivostok) of August 28.

I.

Not so very long ago we knew of the trans-Pacific Yankee only through pictures. He seemed to us then a sort of magician in his star-spangled hat and his bright striped trousers; so very tall, and with a wedge-like, pointed little beard.

We knew that this Yankee, as by a magic wand, created at home towering skyscrapers; that he built gigantic steamers, invented machines. It appeared that the Yankee's life was passed in strenuous work, in the roar of monstrous machines, in the brilliant, blinding light of electricity; to us he seemed living in an unfamiliar atmosphere, master of nature, commanding her bounty by the mere pressure of the electric button.

And in our time of national crisis, we fixed our rainbow hopes on our Yankee friends beyond the seas. Soon, very soon, he would come to us, with real, genuine help. That was why he was a friend! He would press any one of his numerous buttons, and laden steamers would go out to us—a mere trifle to him. It seemed so simple and so natural. The Yankee's factories produced endlessly varied machinery, tools, and articles of first necessity. It would only be a trifle to him. He could do everything!

Friends in need are friends indeed. Is it not true?

We all spoke of America, hoping so for her coming, and we thought that after this war we should look no more to the detestable Germans for the things we needed. We would open our great markets to America and her exports, and in return she would bring us her experience, knowledge, and capital, and help us to increase the productive powers of our industries, to exploit our mines and our forests.

We were genuinely happy to welcome the first Americans, who came from so far away to give us a helping hand. We rejoiced and we hoped, with the confidence and faith so inherent in us Russians.

The Yankee came, not in his star-spangled hat and bright striped trousers, but in a business suit; not lean, but well set up and well fed, looking in no way different from our own speculators. He came without his magic wand, but he spoke much and with great grandiloquence about himself, and he wondered what we wanted. And when we modestly enumerated our needs, he smiled at our trifling demands, and said: "Oh, yes! We'll send you many steamers, everything, all right!"

And we began to await the promised steamers, and many of us watched hopefully for the smoke of American vessels on the horizon. What talk there was about our idle mining and forest resources! We thought that now, with the coming of the enterprising Americans, their systematic exploitation would begin, enriching ourselves and them. The question of transportation, too, seemed solved: the Americans would take the railways under their care, their carrying capacity would at once increase, for it would be a simple problem for American specialists; besides, rolling stock was already on the way. At last we should no longer wait a year at a time for a chance to ship our goods.

We even forgot the Bolsheviki. It was only necessary to behold the brave, husky, disciplined American soldiers and it was clear that Bolshevism must fall before their awe-inspiring forces.

Time passed. We came to know our visiting Yankees better, and soon all hopes began to melt away. We were disillusioned. Some said: "Our friend the Yankee is only getting ready." Others only waved their hands in despair. There were even some who doubted the authenticity of our Yankee, who said he was spurious, and that the genuine Yankee was still at home. With her highly-developed industries America could do everything; didn't she make coffee out of old soles?

How simple and trusting we Russians are, like grown-up children!

But if we Russians are simple, the Americans are not less so, who think they are conquering our hearts and our markets and are doing something big. Only at home, where everything is under their absolute command, are they creators. Here, where one must build from the ground, where obstacles rise at every turn, where vision is needed, and where one must risk much, Americans fail, losing courage and faith, caring only about the invested dollar.

Their representatives made dragon-like conditions: immediate orders for large quantities of goods, with cash guarantees, and still greater orders for the future, also cash down; as though one could, under present conditions in Russia, at once introduce and accustom the population to new goods and machines. Things were no more hopeful in our export of raw materials. The Americans have not yet learned to buy them from us directly, but do so through Japan. It is less troublesome; the Japanese buys, re-ships, and the American pays a handsome commission.

We Russians are simple, but simpler still is Mr. American.

Time does not wait. Pretty soon the German travelling salesman will come, offering the most liberal terms, for German industries and foreign trade are great and strong, and her representatives adapt themselves to all varied circumstances.

I wonder what the Y. M. C. A. boys are thinking about that!

II.

Two years ago, in Japan, at the Hotel Imperial, a few Russian ladies of my acquaintance gathered for a social chat after dinner. I introduced to them my new young American friend, who spoke some Russian, wore his evening clothes easily, gracefully knocked the ashes off his cigar, and whistled a few popular and common American tunes.

In our little circle he deported himself freely, even familiarly, with the ladies, and talked much nonsensical stuff; but when the conversation turned to art and literature, my American friend listened with great wonder, in silence, although the talk was about English and American writers. He did not know them, and everything seemed new to him.

The ladies soon became animated, and imperceptibly the interest turned to themes of love and success in life. One of the ladies proposed that each should tell an entertaining story of some beautiful daring in which the narrator was the hero. We cast lots.

I told of a lively affair which pleased the ladies very much. The ladies modestly and adroitly got away with some facetious, witty nonsense. The turn came to the American who related the following. He lived once in a house where a beautiful young girl was staying. He became greatly infatuated with her, but she paid no attention to him. Once, when no one besides them was at home, he entered her room without knocking and seizing her began to kiss her. "And what did the girl do?" asked one of the ladies. "She could do nothing," he answered complacently. "I held her fast by the hands." This free confession aroused a long outburst of laughter, but he did not understand that the merriment was due to his utter stupidity. He remained convinced that we admired his "beautiful daring."

When the ladies took their leave, and we remained alone, he

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said thoughtfully: "How lucky you Russians are!" "Why?" "Among you, one may enjoy the company of women and girls, pay court to them, appear with them in society, at theatres . . ." "Do you not enjoy these pleasures at home?" "No!" he declared emphatically. "If one pays too much attention to a girl at home, it is likely to end badly; she will either demand that you marry her or begin to blackmail you." "Blackmail!" I almost rose from my chair. "Very simple. She will demand handsome payment because she spent her time with you, was seen with you, because she expected a proposal, in a word, because you were attentive." "But suppose nothing really happened between you?" "No matter. If you don't pay her, she will sue you in court, and she will win, because the law is on her side."

It oppressed me as a nightmare: the lady, blackmail, the curious law-suit, and justice on the side of a blackmailer.

Then he told me how cruelly American society is persecuting prostitution, and what hideous shapes, thanks to laws, secret vice is assuming, driven to ugly, underground methods. It was hard to believe that life could become so deformed in the free American states.

I greatly pitied my handsome young American, dressed so showily, making dollars so fast, but without the slightest interest in or understanding of art, literature, music, which open beautiful worlds of exalting, soul-enobling emotions. But my American friend, lying back in the deep easy chair, his feet thrown far out, lazily moved the points of his shining patent-leather shoes up and down, whistling the while a popular air. In the commonplaceness of this stupid little air one felt the true reflection of American life—noisy, deafening, showy, but without depth and content, and so foreign to Russian culture.

III.

Of course it is a trifle—that stupid, commonplace air. One might overlook it, if its place were only the backyard and the alley. But if noisy coarseness has occupied the central position in American song, it then offers condemning testimony. Music is the most free and sublime of the arts. It reached its apogee only at the uttermost limits of Jewish culture. It is the utterance of the most mysterious emotions of our souls, for which language is poor, color pale, and poetry incomplete. As no other art, music is the blamelessly exquisite image of man's spiritual life. Music does not repeat or imitate as do other arts. Music is a going out into the world of hopes and dreams, into the immeasurable empire of sound, a yearning for perfection.

And what do the Americans give us? Noisy, rude, saucy little airs, galloping, trotting airs, such as circus horses like.

My childhood was passed in Little Russia. I learned to love songs woven of beautiful words, harmonious and rapturous as a prayer. When, for the first time, I overheard a stone-cutter singing, "Never was my love for thee so cruel, old hag!" I was seized with deep consternation. Such mockery seemed like the vulgar hiccoughing of a beast. Never could I bring myself to compromise with the coarseness of the factory worker who assimilated only the negative side of city life, the underside of culture.

In American songs I feel this "old hag" tune pervading all, a spiritual emptiness, cynicism and pertness, and I cannot compromise with it, for to me, a Slav, a song is a thing of beauty, as prayer and music are—the image of a bright hope.

American literature, too, is infected with "Pinkertonism." Characteristic is the work of Jack London, a brilliant, gifted, and original author, but discoursing of brutal strength, of cruel, despotic, conquering, coarse men—and little else. The animal in man shut off from his vision the deep, noble, compassionate soul of man a thousand centuries old.

American architecture has given us skyscrapers, vast, grandiose barracks, and the bungalow; the latter, however, has a charm and originality of its own. I know of no American sculpture and painting, but apparently they are undeveloped and inferior; otherwise American multi-millionaires would not roam over Europe greedily buying up, without thought of worth or price, all objects of art. Have they really awakened to spiritual things, or are they buying rich and famous decorations for their palaces? I hesitate to pronounce judgment. But it seems to me they are moneyed men with enormous stomachs buying luscious viands. One may buy pictures for dollars, but one cannot buy understanding of beauty which belongs to the soul that hath glory in it.

Universal, insolent, lying advertising; monstrous industry; enormous skyscrapers; feverish chasing after the dollar; these have crowded out all spiritual values.

I once watched, on a screen, an exhibition of American industrial development. I was at first filled with wonderment at their genius, their progress, but soon this vastness transfixed me with dread. I felt that these giants with their yawning traps and terrible antennæ had overtopped man himself, had seized him in the flying wheel with steel paws, and had long enslaved the inventor. These black monsters with their infernal roar have smothered the spirit of man, killed the sense of beauty and sublimity.

Great strength is too often paralleled by weak intellectual development. Nature, so wasteful in the world of vegetating things, is frugal with man; endowing him with great physical strength, she limits and curtails his intellect. Whom she endows with strength, she deprives of an additional weapon for the struggle of life.

And American culture—is it not like the low-browed athlete of great muscular powers developed at the expense of mind?

"Torture by Fear"

THE following extract from *Kievlianin* of October 21 gives a picture of Jewish life in Kiev under the Denikin régime, and of the attitude of some of Denikin's supporters toward the Jews. V. Choulguine, the writer, is one of the best-known Ukrainian authors, and is editor of *Kievlianin*, which is the principal conservative paper of Kiev.

A horror recalling the middle ages fills the deserted streets of Kiev every night. Their dead silence is suddenly broken by harrowing cries. It is the Jews crying in terror. Somewhere in the dark streets a group of men with bayonets is gliding, and at sight of them the huge five- or six-story houses break into howls from top to bottom. Whole streets seized with mortal terror utter inhuman cries, trembling for their lives. It is horrible to hear these voices after a night of revolution. To be sure this terror is exaggerated and from our point of view takes grotesque and humiliating forms. Yet it is a real terror, a real torture by fear, to which the entire Jewish population is subject. The authorities do what they can to prevent assassinations and robberies. The Russian population, hearing these horrible cries rising out of the torture of fear, reflects. It thinks: Will the Jews learn anything in these nights of horror? Will they understand what it means to seek equal rights at all costs? Will they understand what it means to excite one class against another according to the principles of their "great master Karl Marx"? Will they understand what these socialists are from whom spring the Bolsheviki? Will they understand what it means to realize in Russia the principle of the power of the people? Will they understand what they ought to do now? Will all the Jews who have taken a hand in the troubles of the state be cursed publicly in the synagogues? Will the mass of the Jewish population disavow the agitators of the new régime as passionately as it attacked the old régime? Will the Jewish people repent publicly, striking its breast and sprinkling its head with ashes because the children of Israel took a fatal part in the excesses of the Bolsheviki? Will a "Jewish League against Socialism" be founded? Or will everything continue as before, and, after these terrible nights passed in mortal terror, will they, as in the past, found "Leagues against Anti-Semitism" exciting anti-Semitic feel-

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ing by their absurd negation of incontrovertible facts? Two paths are open to the Jews: to admit and repent, or else to deny, to accuse everyone but themselves. Their lot depends upon the path they choose. Will not the "torture by fear" teach them the true path?

The Program of the Young Turks

LE JOURNAL DE GENEVE of October 6 reprints from *Il Secolo* the following dispatch from a special correspondent at Constantinople.

After the Congress of Erzerum, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who is supported by the ex-dictator, Enver Pasha, assembled a second congress at Sívâs. I was able to get a copy of the decisions taken in the course of this assembly, in which ninety persons, for the most part Young Turks of the ex-Parliament, were in session and held discussions for several days. Here are the principal points on which they have decided:

1. To maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; to cede no territory, either to Armenia, to the new states in process of formation, or to the Allies.
2. To drive the Allies by force from the territories which they actually occupy.
3. Not to recognize the central power of Constantinople, and to demand the formation of another Government composed of members of the Congress.
4. To refuse the payment of taxes to the central Government.
5. To open everywhere national banks, and to oblige the population to withdraw money deposited in foreign banks; to print new paper money, and withdraw from circulation that of the Ottoman Bank.
6. To strengthen the ranks of the army by mobilizing new forces.
7. To distribute to Kurdish bands and to the Moslem population the arms which are to be found in the depots.
8. To cut the telegraph lines and interrupt communications with Constantinople.
9. To recognize as the sole representative of the Turkish people the Government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, which has its seat at Erzerum.
10. To coördinate the operations of the Turkish army with those of the army of the Tartar Government of the Caucasus.

On the other hand, in well informed circles in Constantinople, the rumor runs that after the Congress of Sívâs the insurgents, in spite of the stubborn resolution of the Central Government to remain in power, declared the Turkish Republic.

A national bank has been established with a capital of 500,000 Turkish pounds. The twenty-sixth corps of the army, commanded by Fuad Pasha, has gone over, with arms and equipment, to the insurgents. The movement of the irregular bands has been intensified in the Government of Brussa; an army of 20,000 men has advanced toward the Armenian frontier, and another of 15,000 men has crossed the trans-Caucasian frontier to join the Tartar bands who are operating against Armenians on the Nakhitchevan side. . . .

It would be a mistake to believe that a solution favorable to the Allies can possibly result from allowing events to drift along and become more complicated. Those who know the Turkish mentality and the Oriental situation, know very well that, in this country, that which counts is the effective demonstration of force and the accomplished fact. The Germans, who do not pass in the world for great psychologists, understood very well this characteristic of the Turkish nature. If we take part today in this sort of comedy, hatched in darkness, it is because the procrastination of the Congress of Paris, the futile discords among the Allies, and the condescension shown by certain politicians have created fallacious hopes among the leaders of the Young Turk Committee. It is no longer a mystery to anyone that a representative of Lenin attended the Congress of Erzerum.

Documents

Canada and the Peace Treaty

AS stated in the article on the political status of Canada, by Mr. J. A. Stevenson, published in the International Relations Section for December 13, there was recently tabled in the Canadian House of Commons a correspondence concerning the representation of Canada at the Peace Conference. Parts of this correspondence have come to hand and may be summarized as follows:

On October 27, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George cabled to Sir Robert Borden intimating that the end of the war was in sight and urging that the Canadian Prime Minister leave for Europe as soon as possible. The cable said in part: "It is very important that you should be here in order to participate in the deliberations which will determine the line to be taken at the conference by the British delegates."

To this Sir Robert Borden replied:

There is need of serious consideration as to the representation of the Dominions in the peace negotiations The people and press of this country take it for granted that Canada will be represented at the Peace Conference. I appreciate the possible difficulties, but I hope that you keep in mind that certainly a very unfortunate impression would be created and possibly a dangerous feeling may be aroused if these difficulties are not overcome by some solution which will meet the national spirit of the Canadian people.

Mr. Lloyd George cabled on November 2 from Paris that he appreciated the importance of the point raised, and that it made it still more imperative for Sir Robert to come to Europe.

After his arrival in England Sir Robert, in common with the other Dominion Ministers, pressed the case for the separate representation of the Dominions at the Peace Conference. In spite of the active opposition of a person or persons described by Sir Robert as "the most conservative representative of the British Government and the representative of the most conservative people in Great Britain," the Dominions were finally accorded the status of minor nations in the Conference.

In this connection certain cable messages were exchanged by Sir Robert Borden and the Acting Prime Minister of Canada. On December 4, 1918, the Acting Prime Minister cabled from Ottawa:

Council today further considered Canadian representation at Peace Conference and is even more strongly of opinion than when you left, that Canada should be represented. Council is of opinion that in view of war efforts of Dominion other nations entitled to representation at Conference should recognize unique character of British Commonwealth composed of group of free nations under one sovereign, and that provision should be made for special representation of these nations at Conference, even though it may be necessary that in any final decisions reached they should speak with one voice; that if this is not possible then you should form one of whatever delegation represents British Commonwealth. It surely is not contemplated that each nation at war should have exactly same numerical representation as Great Britain and France. Should not representation be to some extent commensurate with war efforts? Would you like Order in Council passed or any other official action taken declaring attitude of Government on question of Canadian representation at Conference? If so, please cable.

To this message Sir Robert Borden replied on January 2:

In Cabinet today I took up question of representation of the Dominions and spoke very frankly and firmly as to Canada's attitude. My proposal, which I consider the most satisfactory solution that is practicable, and which was accepted by the Cabinet, is as follows:

First, Canada and the other Dominions shall each have the same representation as Belgium and other small Allied nations at the Peace Conference.

Second, as it is proposed to admit representatives of Belgium and other small Allied nations only when their special interests are under consideration, I urged that some of the representatives of British Empire should be drawn from a panel on which each Dominion Prime Minister shall have a place.

I pointed out that Canada has no special interest such as

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South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, in respect of additional territory, and that the basis of representation accorded to small Allied nations would, therefore, be unsatisfactory from Canadian point of view. I emphasized the insistence of Canada on this recognition and I urged that the British Empire has the right to define the constitutional lations between the nations which compose it and their consequent right to distinctive representation. It is anticipated that British Empir will have five representatives entitled to be present at all meetings of Conference. I expressed my strong opinion that it would be most unfortunate if these were all selected from the British Islands. Probably three will be named and two others selected from the panel for each meeting. The panel will comprise both British and Dominion Ministers. No public announcement can be made until these proposals have been communicated to Allied Governments and accepted. I shall be glad to have views of Council. My proposal really gives to Dominions fuller representation than that accorded to small Allied nations such as Belgium.

The Canadian Government answered:

Council has considered B 115 [the message of January 2 from Sir Robert Borden] and sees no reason to change view expressed in P 35 [The message of December 4, 1918, from the Canadian Government]. If Peace Conference in its composition is to express spirit of democracy for which we have been fighting, as Council thinks it should, small Allied nations like Belgium which have fought with us throughout war should be entitled to representation throughout whole Conference, even if limited to one member, and if this were agreed proposal that Canada should have same representation as Belgium, and other small allied nations, would be satisfactory, but not otherwise. Canada has had as many casualties as the United States and probably more actual deaths. Canadian people would not appreciate five American delegates throughout the whole Conference and no Canadian entitled to sit throughout Conference, nor would they appreciate several representatives from Great Britain and Canada none. There will be great disappointment here if you are not full member of Conference. We fully appreciate that you are doing everything in your power to secure suitable representation for Canada.

On January 16 the Acting Prime Minister cabled to Sir Robert Borden:

Announcement as to Canadian representation at Peace Conference most favorably received. Hearty congratulations on success of your efforts in this regard.

A memorandum, dated March 12, and presented by Sir Robert Borden on behalf of the Dominion Prime Ministers to the British Empire delegation to the Conference, made the following specific suggestion:

The Dominion Prime Ministers, after careful consideration, have reached the conclusion that all the treaties and conventions resulting from the Peace Conference should be so drafted as to enable the Dominions to become parties and signatories thereto. This procedure will give suitable recognition to the part played at the peace table by the British Commonwealth as a whole and will at the same time record the status attained there by the Dominions.

Continuing, the memorandum outlines the constitutional justifications for the proposal, as well as the alterations in previous treaty forms necessary to carry it out. The proposal was accepted and acted upon, and found general expression in the treaty.

When the question of ratification arose, the problem of the status of Canada once more emerged. On July 4 Lord Milner, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, cabled to Sir Robert Borden, who had returned to Canada:

It is hoped that the German treaty may be ratified by three of the principal Allied and Associated Powers and by Germany before the end of July.

On July 9 Sir Robert replied rather curtly that he was pledged to submit the treaty to Parliament before ratification of July. His cable continued:

No copy of the treaty has yet arrived, and Parliament has been prorogued. Kindly advise how you expect to accomplish the ratification on behalf of the whole Empire before the end of July.

The official British attitude was then expressed in the following cable from Lord Milner:

In the British Constitution there is nothing which makes it necessary for the King to obtain the consent of Parliament before ratifying the treaty. The King has only to act on the instance of his constitutional advisers, the Dominion Ministers as well as those of the United Kingdom. But inasmuch as the Dominion Ministers participated in the peace negotiations and side by side with the British Ministers signed the preliminaries of the treaty, we hold that his Majesty, if he now ratified the treaty for the whole Empire, would have the same constitutional justification in doing so in respect of the Dominions as he has in respect of the United Kingdom. The King by a single act would bind the whole Empire, as it is right that he should so, but that act would represent the considered judgment of his constitutional advisors in all self-governing States of the Empire, because it would be merely giving effect to an international pact which they had all agreed to.

We realize at the same time the difficulty in which you are placed by your pledge to Parliament. We are willing, in order to meet this difficulty, to delay ratification (which if we alone were concerned, we should desire to effect immediately) as long as we possibly can in order to give you time to lay treaty before your Parliament. The question is how long will this take? At an early date could you not have a special meeting of Parliament solely for the submission of the treaty, and if so how soon might this approval be expected? It would be impossible in our opinion without the gravest consequences to delay ratification until the late autumn.

I am communicating with the Governments of South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia explaining urgency, and begging them to submit the treaty to their Parliaments without delay, if they feel bound to do so before assenting to its ratification.

The Canadian Prime Minister was reported to be dissatisfied with this attitude, and on July 29 he expressed in a cablegram to Lord Milner, the view "that there is considerable doubt whether under modern constitutional practices the King should ratify without first obtaining the approval of Parliament." He stressed the necessity of parliamentary approval for a treaty imposing burdens, involving changes in the laws of a people, and affecting territorial rights. He differed from Lord Milner's view that the signature of the Dominion plenipotentiaries was equivalent to advice to ratify, and asked: "Do you regard this as holding good in the case of the signatures of the United Kingdom plenipotentiaries?"

On September 12 the Canadian House of Commons concurred with the Senate in ratifying without reservation the treaty of peace, and the British Government was so informed.

The Proposed Chinese Loans

THE following telegram protesting against the conclusion of further foreign loans, addressed to the Chinese Government, is of interest at the present time in view of the proposed four-Power consortium for the financing of China. The telegram, which we reprint from *The North China Herald* of October 4, was signed by the Educational Association of Kiangsu, the Local Chamber of Commerce of Shanghai, the Educational Association of Shanghai, the National Vocational Association, the World's Chinese Students' Federation, and other organizations.

Since the dissolution of the last Parliament, the Anfu Club has used the name to disguise itself for unscrupulous negotiations of foreign loans, selling national rights, and squandering the money for party funds. On one hand, the Government has forgotten that these loans are liabilities of the national treasury, and on the other, the people have not been given the right to perform the duty of supervision.

As the result of a thorough discussion by the undersigned organizations, we hereby declare that, though reunion is much hoped for, it is not the desire of the whole nation to see the continuation of the present financial chaos, or, what is worse, a further increase of foreign loans, after reunion is reached. If the Government has a heart of repentance, it should make known—before the formation of a proper parliament which will perform the supervision of finance—that no more foreign loans shall be concluded. At the same time, all secret loans and their uses in the years past should be published before the whole nation as a proof of sincerity on the part of Government. We await your answer.

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